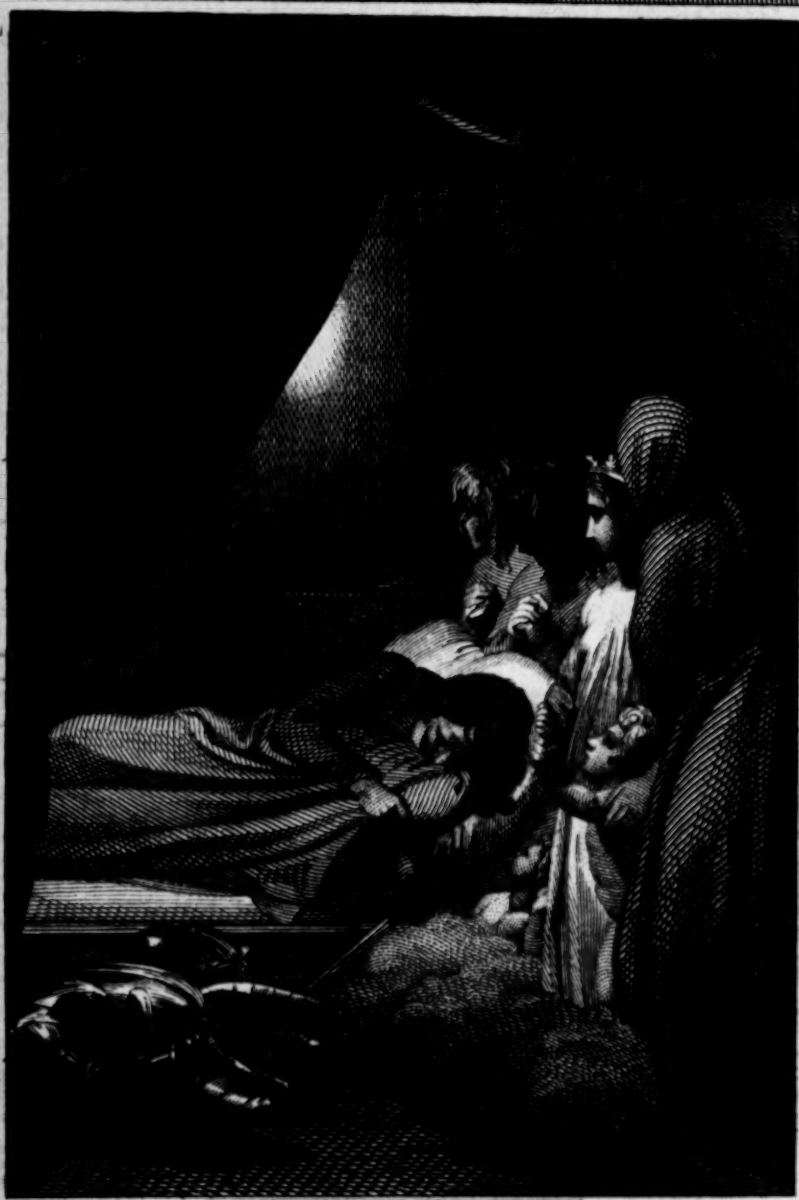


Act 5.

Sc. 3.



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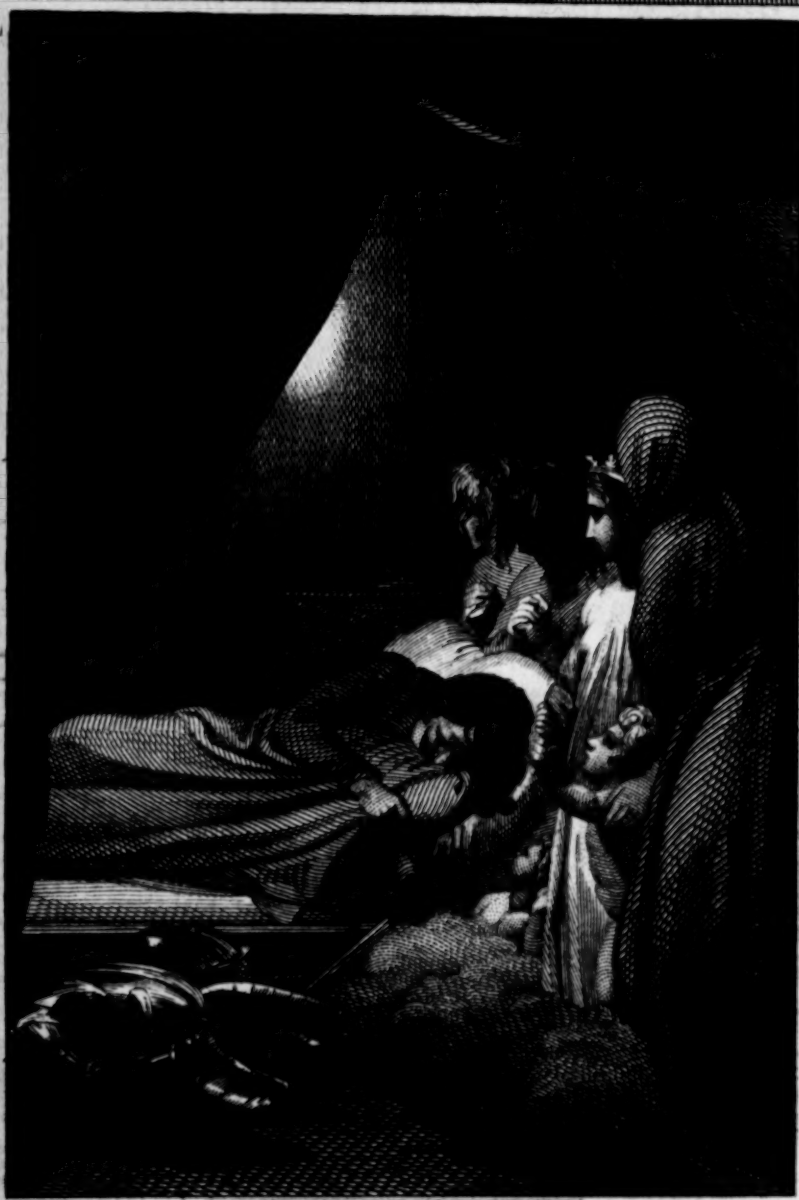
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11763. pp 67
THE TRAGICAL

HISTORY

OF

King RICHARD III.

Altered from SHAKSPEARE

By COLLEY CIBBER, Esq;

Marked with the Variations in the

MANAGER'S BOOK,

AT THE

Theatre - Royal in Drury - Lane.

Domestica Facta.

L O N D O N :

Printed for T. and W. LOWNDES, W. NICOLL, and
S. BLADON.

MDCCLXXXIV.

Dramatis Personæ, 1784.

Covent-Garden.


Drury-Lane.

King Henry the Sixth,	—	Mr. BENSLEY	Mr.
Edward Prince of Wales,	—	Miss STAGELDOIR.	Master HARRIS.
Richard Duke of York,	—	Miss HEARD.	Master JONES.
Richard Duke of Gloſter,	—	Mr. KEMBLE.	Mr. SMITH.
Duke of Buckingham,	—	Mr. AICKIN.	Mr. HULL.
Henry Earl of Richmond,	—	Mr. PALMER.	Mr. WROUGHTON.
Duke of Norfolk,	—	Mr. FAWCETT.	Mr. PERRY.
Ratcliff,	—	Mr. WRIGHT.	Mr. LEWES.
Cateſby,	—	Mr. PACKER.	Mr. DAVIS.
Treſſel,	—	Mr. FARREN.	Mr. DYER.
Oxford,	—	—	Mr. REDMAN.
Lieutenant of the Tower,	—	Mr. R. PALMER.	
Lord H. Stanley,	—	Mr. CHAPLIN.	Mr. FOX.
Lord Mayor,	—	Mr. PHILLIMORE.	Mr. WIGNELL.
Tyrrel.	—		
Forest.	—		
Dighton.	—		
Elizabeth, Relict of Edward IV.		Mrs. HOPKINS.	Miss MILLER.
Lady Anne, Relict of Edward	}	Mrs. WARD.	Mrs. LESSINGHAM.
Prince of Wales,			
Duchefs of York,	—	Mrs. HEDGES.	Mrs.
Gentlemen, Ladies, Guards, and Attendants.	—		



T H E
T R A G I C A L H I S T O R Y
O F

King RICHARD III.

 The Reader is desired to observe, that the Passages omitted in the Representation at the Theatre are here preserved, and marked with inverted Commas; as at the last Line Page 16, to Line 2 Page 17.

ACT I. SCENE, *A Garden in the Tower.*

Enter Lieutenant and Servant.

Lieutenant.

H A S King Henry walk'd forth this morning?
Serv. No, Sir, but it is near his hour.

Lieut. At any time when you see him here,
Let no stranger into the garden;
I wou'd not have him star'd at—See, who's that
Now ent'ring at the gate? [*Knocking within.*

Serv. Sir, the Lord Stanley.

Lieut. Leave me— [*Exit Servant.*

Enter Lord Stanley.

My noble Lord, you're welcome to the Tower:
I heard last night you late arriv'd with news
Of Edward's victory to his joyful Queen.

Stanley, Yes, Sir, and I am proud to be the man

4 THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF

That first brought home the last of civil-broils;
The Houses now of York and Lancaster,
Like bloody brothers fighting for birth-right,
No more shall wound the parent that wou'd part 'em:
Edward now sits secure on England's throne.

Lieut. Near Tewksbury, my Lord, I think they
fought;

Has the enemy lost any men of note?

Stanley. Sir, I was posted home
Ere an account was taken of the slain;
But as I left the field, a proclamation
From the King was made in search of Edward,
Son to your prisoner, King Henry the Sixth,
Which gave reward to those discover'd him,
And him his life, if he'd surrender.

Lieut. That brave young Prince, I fear's unlike his
father,

Too high of heart to brook submissive life:
This will be heavy news to Henry's ear,
For on this battle's cast his all was set.

Stanley. King Henry and ill-fortune are familiar;
He ever threw with an indifferent hand,
But never yet was known to lose his patience;
How does he pass the time in his confinement?

Lieut. As one whose wishes never reach'd a crown;
The King seems dead in him—but, as a man,
He sighs sometimes in want of liberty.
Sometimes he reads, and walks, and wishes
That fate had bless'd him with an humbler birth,
Not to have felt the falling from a throne.

Stanley. Were it not possible to see this King?
They say he'll freely talk with Edward's friends,
And even treats them with respect and honour.

Lieut. This is his usual time of walking forth
(For he's allow'd the freedom of the garden,)
After his morning prayer; he seldom fails;
Behind this arbour we unseen may stand
Awhile to observe him.

[*They retire.*]

Enter

KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

Enter King Henry, in mourning.

K. Henry. By this time the decisive blow is struck:
Either my Queen and son are bless'd with victory,
Or I'm the cause no more of civil broils.
Wou'd I were dead, if Heav'n's good will were so,
For what is in this world but grief and care?
What noise and bustle do Kings make to find it?
When life's but a short chace, our game content,
Which most pursued, is most compell'd to fly;
And he that mounts him on the swiftest hope,
Shall often run his courser to a stand;
While the poor Peasant, from some distant hill,
Undanger'd, and at ease, views all the sport,
And sees content take shelter in his cottage.

Stanley. He seems extremely mov'd.

Lieut. Does he know you?

Stanley. No, nor wou'd I have him.

Lieut. We'll shew ourselves. [*They come forward.*]

K. Henry. Why, there's another check to proud ambition;

That man receiv'd his charge from me, and now
I'm his prisoner—he locks me to my rest.
Such an unlook'd-for change who cou'd suppose,
That saw him kneel to kiss the hand that rais'd him;
But that I shou'd not now complain of,
Since I to that, 'tis possible, may owe
His civil treatment of me——'Morrow, Lieutenant.
Is any news arriv'd?—Who's that with you?

Lieut. A Gentleman that came last night express
From Tewksbury—We've had a battle.

K. Henry. Comes he to me with letters, or advice?

Lieut. Sir, he's King Edward's Officer, your foe.

K. Henry. Then he won't flatter me——You're welcome, Sir;

Not less because you are King Edward's friend,
For I have almost learnt myself to be so;
Cou'd I but once forget I was a King,
I might be truly happy, and his subject.
You've gain'd a battle; is't not so?

6 THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF

Stanley. We have, Sir,—how, will reach your ear too soon.

K. Henry. If to my loss, it can't too soon—pray Ipeak,

For fear makes mischief greater than it is.

My Queen! my son! say, Sir, are they living?

Stanley. Since my arrival, Sir, another post Came in, which brought us word, your Queen and son Were prisoners now at Tewksbury.

K. Henry. Heaven's will be done! the hunters have 'em now,

And I have only sighs and prayers to help 'em.

Stanley. King Edward, Sir, depends upon his sword,

Yet prays heartily when the battle's won;

And soldiers love a bold and active leader.

Fortune, like women, will be close pursu'd;

The English are high mettled, Sir, and 'tis

No easy part to fit 'em well——King Edward

Feels their temper, and 'twill be hard to throw him.

K. Henry. Alas! I thought them men, and rather hop'd

To win their hearts by mildness than severity.

My soul was never form'd for cruelty:

In my eyes justice has seem'd bloody,

When on the city gates I have beheld

A traitor's quarters parching in the sun,

My blood has turn'd with horror at the sight;

I took 'em down, and bury'd with his limbs

The memory of the dead man's deeds——Perhaps

That pity made me less terrible,

Giving the mind of weak rebellion spirit;

For Kings are put in trust for all mankind,

And when themselves take injuries, who is safe?

If so, I have deserv'd these frowns of fortune.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's a Gentleman brings a warrant For his access to King Henry's presence.

Lieut.

Lieut. I come to him

Stanley. His business may require your privacy ;
I'll leave you, Sir, wishing you all the good
That can be wish'd—not wronging him I serve.

K. Henry. Farewell!

[*Exeunt.*

Who can this be? a sudden coldness,
Like the damp hand of death, has seiz'd my limbs :
I fear some heavy news!

Enter Lieutenant.

Who is it, good Lieutenant?

Lieut. A Gentleman, Sir, from Tewksbury—he
seems

A melancholy messenger—for when I ask'd
What news, his answer was a deep-fetch'd sigh ;
I wou'd not urge him, but I fear 'tis fatal. [*Exit.*

Enter Tressel, in Mourning.

K. Henry. Fatal, indeed! his brow's the title-page
That speaks the nature of a tragic volume.
Say, friend, how does my Queen! my son!
Thou tremblest, and the whiteness of thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell the errand.
Ev'n such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night:
And would have told him half his Troy was burn'd,
But Priam found the fire ere he his tongue,
And I my poor son's death ere thou relat'st it.
Now wou'd'st thou say—your son did thus and thus,
And thus your Queen! so fought the valiant Oxford;
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds;
But in the end, (to stop my ear indeed,)
Thou hast a sigh, to blow away this praise,
Ending with Queen, and son, and all are dead.

Tres. Your Queen yet lives, and many of your
friends,
But for my Lord your son—

8 THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF

K. Henry. Why, he is dead!—yet speak, I charge thee!

Tell thou thy master his suspicion lies,
And I will take it as a kind disgrace,
And thank thee well, for doing me such wrong.

Tref. Would it were wrong to say; but, Sir, your fears are true.

K. Henry. Yet for all this, say not, my son is dead.

Tref. Sir, I am sorry I must force you to
Believe, what would to heav'n I had not seen :—
But in this last battle near Tewksbury,
Your son, whose active spirit lent a fire
Eve'n to the dullest peasant in our camp,
Still made his way where danger stood to oppose him.
A braver youth, of more courageous heat,
Ne'er spur'd his courser at the trumpet's sound.
But who can rule the uncertain chance of war?
In fine, King Edward won the bloody field,
Where both your Queen and Son, were made his prisoners.

K. Henry. Yet hold! for oh! this prologue lets me in

To a most fatal tragedy to come.
Dy'd he a prisoner, say'st thou? how? By grief?
Or by the bloody hands of those that caught him?

Tref. After the fight, Edward in triumph ask'd
To see the captive Prince—the Prince was brought,
Whom Edward roughly chid for bearing arms;
Asking what reparation he could make
For having stirr'd his subjects to rebellion?
Your son, impatient of such taunts, reply'd,
Bow like a subject, proud ambitious York,
Where I now speaking with my father's mouth,
Propose the self-same rebel words to thee,
Which, traitor, thou would have me answer to:
From these, more words arose; till in the end
King Edward swell'd with what th' unhappy Prince
At such a time too freely spoke, his gauntlet
In his young face with indignation struck.

At which, crook'd Richard, Clarence, and the rest,
Bury'd

Bury'd their fatal daggers in his heart.
In bloody state I saw on the earth,
From whence with life he never more sprung up.

K. Henry. Oh! had'st thou stabb'd at every word's
deliverance

Sharp poniards in my flesh while this was told,
Thy wounds had given less anguish than thy words.
Oh heav'ns! methinks I see my tender lamb
Gasping beneath the ravenous wolves fell gripe!
But say, did all—did they all strike him, say'st thou?

Tref. All, Sir; but the first wound Duke Richard
gave.

K. Henry. There let him stop! be that his last of ills!
Oh barbarous act! un hospitable men!
Against the rigid laws of arms to kill him!
Was't not enough, his hope of birth-right gone,
But must your hate be levell'd at his life?
Nor could his father's wrongs content you?
Nor cou'd a father's grief dissuade the deed?
You have no children—(butchers if you had)
The thought of them wou'd sure have stirr'd remorse.

Tref. Take comfort, Sir, and hope a better day.

K. Henry. Oh! who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or wallow naked in December's snow,
By bare remembrance of the summer's heat?
Away—by heaven I shall abhor his sight
Whoever bids me be of comfort more!
If thou wilt sooth my sorrows, than I'll thank thee;
Aye! now thou'rt kind indeed! these tears oblige me.

Tref. Alas! my Lord, I fear more evils towards you.

K. Henry. Why, let it come; I scarce shall feel it
now,

My present woes have beat me to the ground;
And my hard fate can make me fall no lower.
What can it be—give it its ugliest shape—
Oh my poor boy!

Tref. A word does that; it comes in Glo'ster's form.

K. Henry. Frightful indeed! give me the worst that
threatens.

10 THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF

Tres. After the murder of your son, stern Richard,
As if unfated with the wounds he had given,
With unwash'd hands went from his friends in haste;
And being ask'd by Clarence of the cause,
He, low'ring, cry'd, Brother, I must to the Tower;
I've business there; excuse me to the King:
Before you reach the town, expect some news:
This said, he vanish'd—and I hear's arriv'd.

K. Henry. Why then the period of my woes is set;
For ills but thought by him, are half perform'd.

Enter Lieutenant, with an Order.

Lieut. Forgive me, Sir, what I'm compell'd t'obey.
An order for your close confinement.

K. Henry. Whence comes it, good Lieutenant?

Lieut. Sir, from the Duke of Glo'ster.

K. Henry. Good night to all, then; I obey it;
And now, good friend, suppose me on my death bed,
And take of me thy last, short living leave.

Nay, keep thy tears till thou hast seen me dead:

And when in tedious winter nights, with good

Old folk, thou sitt'st up late

To hear 'em tell the dismal tales

Of times long past, ev'n now with woe remember'd,

Before thou bid'st good night, to quit their grief,

Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,

And send thy hearers weeping to their beds. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Glo'ster.

Glo'st. Now are our brows bound with victorious
wreaths,

Our stern alarms are chang'd to merry meetings;

Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;

Our dreadful marches to delightful measures:

Grim-visag'd war has smooch'd his wrinkled front,

And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds,

To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,

He capers nimbly in a Lady's chamber,

To the lascivious pleasing of a lute:

But

But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
 Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
 I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty
 To strut before a wanton, ambling nymph;
 I, that am curtail'd of man's fair proportion,
 Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
 Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
 Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
 And that so lamely and unfashionable,
 That dogs bark at me as I halt by 'em;
 Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
 Have no delight to pass away my hours,
 Unless to see my shadow in the sun,
 And descant on my own deformity:
 Then since this earth affords no joy to me,
 But to command, to check, and o'erbear such
 As are of happier person than myself;
 Why then to me this restless world's but hell,
 'Till this mishapen trunk's aspiring head
 Be circled in a glorious diadem—
 But then 'tis fixed on such a height; oh! I
 Must stretch the utmost reaching of my soul.
 I'll climb betimes, without remorse or dread,
 And my first step shall be on Henry's head. [Exit.

SCENE, a Chamber in the Tower.

King HENRY sleeping.

Enter Lieutenant.

Lieut. Asleep so soon! but sorrow minds no seasons.
 The morning, noon, and night with her's the same,
 She's fond of any hour that yields repose.

K. Henry. Who's there! Lieutenant! is it you!
 come hither!

Lieut. You shake, my Lord, and look affrighted.

K. Henry. Oh! I have had the fearfull'st dream!
 such fights,

That as I live,

I wou'd not pass another hour so dreadful

'Tho' 'twere to buy a world of happy days.

12 THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF

Reach me a book—I'll try if reading can
Divert these melancholy thoughts.

Enter Glo'ster.

Glo'st. Good day, my Lord; what, at your book so
hard?

I disturb you.

K. Henry. You do, indeed.

Glo'st. Friend, leave us to ourselves, we must confer.

K. Henry. What bloody scene has Roscius now to act?

[*Exit. Lieutenant.*]

Glo'st. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind:
The thief does fear each bush an officer.

K. Henry. Where thieves without controlment rob
and kill,

The traveller does fear each bush a thief:
The poor bird that has been already lim'd,
With trembling wings misdoubts of every bush;
And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye,
By whom my young one bled, was caught and kill'd.

Glo'st. Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,
That taught his son the office of a fowl,
And yet for all his wings the fool was drown'd:
Thou should'st have taught thy boy his prayers alone,
And then he had not broke his neck with climbing.

K. Henry. Ah! kill me with thy weapon, not thy
words;

My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,
Than can my ears that piercing story;
But wherefore dost thou come? is't for my life?

Glo'st. Think'st thou I am an executioner?

K. Henry. If murdering innocents be executing,
Then thou'rt the worst of executioners.

Glo'st. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

K. Henry. Hadst thou been kill'd when first thou didst
presume,

Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine:

But

But thou wert born to massacre mankind.
 How many old mens sighs, and widows moans;
 How many orphans water-standing eyes,
 Men for their sons, wives for their husbands fate,
 And children for their parents timeless death,
 Will rue the hour that ever thou wert born?
 The owl shriek'd at thy birth; an evil sign;
 The night-crow cry'd, foreboding luckless time;
 Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down trees;
 The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
 And chattering pies in dismal discord sung;
 Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
 And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope.
 Teeth hadst thou in thy head, when thou wert born,
 Which plainly said, thou cam'st to bite mankind;
 And if the rest be true which I have heard,
 Thou cam'st——

Glo'st. I'll hear no more——Die, Prophet, in thy speech;

For this amongst the rest was I ordained, [*Stabs him.*

K. Henry. Oh! and for much more slaughter after this;

Just Heav'n forgive my sins, and pardon thee. [*Dies.*

Glo'st. What! will the aspiring blood of Lancaster Sink in the ground?—I thought it would have mounted.

See how my sword weeps for the poor King's death.

Oh, may such purple tears be always shed

From those that wish the downfall of our house.

If any spark of life be yet remaining,

Down, down to Hell, and say I sent thee thither.

I that have neither pity, love, nor fear:

Indeed, 'tis true, what Henry told me of;

For I have often heard my mother say,

I came into the world with my legs forward;

The Midwife wonder'd, and the women cry'd,

Good Heaven bless us! he is born with teeth!

And so I was, which plainly signified

That I should snarl and bite, and play the dog.

Then since the Heav'ns have shap'd my body so,

Let

14 THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF

Let Hell make crook'd my mind to answer it;
 I have no brother, I am no brother,
 And this word Love, which grey-beards call divine,
 Be resident in men, like one another,
 And not in me—I am—myself alone.
 Clarence, beware, thou keep'st me from the light;
 But if I fail not in my deep intent,
 Thou'lt not another day to live; which done,
 Heav'n take the weak King Edward to his mercy,
 And leave the world for me to baffle in.
 But soft—I'm sharing spoil before the field is won.
 Clarence still breathes, Edward still lives and reigns,
 When they are gone, then I must count my gains.

[*Exit.*]

A C T, II.

S C E N E, *St. Paul's.*

Enter Tressel, meeting Lord Stanley.

Tressel.

MY Lord, your servant; pray what brought you
 to St. Paul's?

Stanley. I came amongst the crowd to see the corpse
 Of poor King Henry; 'tis a dismal sight:
 But yesterday I saw him in the Tower;
 His talk is still so fresh within my memory,
 That I could weep to think how Fate has us'd him.
 I wonder where's Duke Richard's policy
 In suffering him to lie expos'd to view;
 Can he believe that men will love him for't?

Tress. Oh yes, Sir, love him, as he loves his brothers.

When was you with King Edward, pray, my Lord?
 I hear he leaves his food, is melancholy,
 And his Physicians fear him mightily.

Stanley.

Stanley. 'Tis thought he'll scarce recover.
Shall we to Court, and hear more news of him?

Tres. I am oblig'd to pay attendance here :
The Lady Anne has licence to remove
King Henry's corpse to be interr'd at Chertsey ;
And I'm engag'd to follow her.

Stanley. Mean you King Henry's daughter-in-law?

Tres. The same, Sir, widow to the late Prince Edward,

Whom Glo'ster kill'd at Tewksbury.

Stanley. Alas ! poor Lady, she's severely us'd ;
And yet I hear Richard attempts her love :
Methinks the wrongs he's done her might discourage
him.

Tres. Neither those wrongs, nor his own shape can
fright him :

He sent for leave to visit her this morning,
And she was forc'd to keep her bed to avoid him :
But see, she is arriv'd—Will you along
To see this doleful ceremony?

Stanley. I'll wait on you.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Glo'ster.

Glo'st. 'Twas her excuse to avoid me.—Alas !
She keeps no bed——
She has health enough to progress as far as Chertsey,
Tho' not to bear the sight of me.
I cannot blame her——

Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb,
And, for I should not deal in his soft laws,
He did corrupt frail nature with a bribe,
To shrink my arm up like a wither'd shrub,
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body ;
To shape my legs of an unequal size,
To disproportion me in every part,
And am I then a man to be belov'd?
Oh monstrous thought ! more vain than my ambition,

Enter

16 THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF

Enter Lieutenant hastily.

Lieut. My Lord, I beg your Grace—

Glo'st. Be gone, fellow ! I'm not at leisure.

Lieut. My Lord, the King your brother's taken ill.

Glo'st. I'll wait on him : leave me, friend.

Ha ! Edward taken ill !

Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
That from his loins no more young brats may rise
To cross me in the golden time I look for.

SCENE *draws and discovers Lady Anne in Mourning,
Lord Stanley, Tressel, Guards, and Bearers, with
King Henry's Body.*

But see ! my love appears—Look where she shines,
Darting pale lustre, like the silver moon,
Thro' her dark veil of rainy sorrow !

So mourned the Dame of Ephesus her love ;
And thus the Soldier, arm'd with resolution,
Told his soft tale, and was a thriving wooer.

'Tis true, my form perhaps may little move her,
But I've a tongue shall wheedle with the Devil :
Yet hold, she mourns the man that I have kill'd.

First let her sorrows take some vent—stand here,

I'll take her passion in its wain, and turn

This storm of grief to gentle drops of pity

For his repentant murderer.

[He retires..]

La. Anne. Hung be the Heav'ns with black, yield
day to night,

Comets importing change of times and states.

Brandish your fiery tresses in the sky,

And with them scourge the bad revolting stars.

That have consented to King Henry's death.

Oh be accurst the hand that shed his blood,

Accurst the head that had the heart to do it ;

More direful hap betide that hated wretch,

“ Than

' Than I can wish to wolves, to spiders, toads,
' Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives ;'
If ever he have wife, let her be made
More miserable by the life of him,
Than I am now by Edward's death and thine.

Glo'st. Poor girl, what pains she takes to curse herself. [*Aside.*]

La. Anne. If ever he have child, abortive be it,
Prodigious and untimely brought to light,
Whose hideous form, whose most unnatural aspect
May fright the hopeful mother at her view,
And that be heir to his unhappiness.
Now on to Chertsey with your sacred load.

Glo'st. Stay, you that bear the corse, and set it down.

I'a. Anne. What black Magician conjures up this fiend,
To stop devoted charitable deeds ?

Glo'st. Villains, set down the corse, or, by St. Paul,
I'll make a corse of him that disobeys.

Guard. My Lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

Glo'st. Unmanner'd slave ! stand thou when I command.

Advance thy halbert higher than my breast,
Or, by St Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

La. Anne. Why dost thou haunt him thus, unsated fiend ?

Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,
His soul thou canst not reach, therefore be gone.

Glo'st. Sweet Saint, be not so hard, for charity.

La. Anne. If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,

Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.

Why didst thou do this deed ? could not the laws
Of man, of nature, nor of Heaven dissuade thee ?
No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity.

Glo'st. If want of pity be a crime so hateful,
Whence is it thou, fair Excellence, art guilty ?

La. Anne. What means the slanderer ?

Glo'st.

18 THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF

Glo'st. Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these my crimes suppos'd, to give me leave
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

La. Anne. Then take that sword, whose bloody
point still reeks
With Henry's life, with my lov'd Lord's, young Ed-
ward's,

And here let out thy own, to appease their ghosts.

Glo'st. By such despair I should accuse myself.

La. Anne. Why by despairing only canst thou stand
excus'd?

Didst thou not kill this King?

Glo'st. I grant ye.

La. Anne. Oh! he was gentle, loving, mild, and
virtuous;

But he's in heav'n, where thou canst never come.

Glo'st. Was I not kind to send him thither, then;
He was much fitter for that place than earth.

La. Anne. And thou unfit for any place but hell.

Glo'st. Yes, one place else—if you will hear me
name it.

La. Anne. Some dungeon.

Glo'st. Your bed-chamber.

La. Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou
ly'st.

Glo'st. So it will, Madam, till I lie in your's.

La. Anne. I hope so.

Glo'st. I know so. But gentle Lady Anne,
To leave this keen encounter of our tongues,
And fall to something a more serious method.
Is not the causer of the untimely deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner?

La. Anne. Thou wert the cause, and most accurs'd
effect.

Glo'st. Your beauty was the cause of that effect,
Your beauty! that did haunt me in my sleep,
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in that soft bosom!

La.

La. Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These hands should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

Glo'st. These eyes could not endure that beauty's
wreck;

You should not blemish it, if I stood by :
As all the world is nourish'd by the sun,
So I by that—It is my day ! my life !

La. Anne. I would it were, to be reveng'd on thee.

Glo'st. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To wish revenge on him that loves thee.

La. Anne. Say rather 'tis my duty,
To seek revenge on him that kill'd my husband.

Glo'st. Fair creature, he that kill'd thy husband,
Did it to—help thee to a better husband.

La. Anne. His better does not breathe upon the
earth.

Glo'st. He lives that loves thee better than he could.

La. Anne. Name him.

Glo'st. Plantagenet.

La. Anne. Why that was he.

Glo'st. The self-same name, but one of softer na-
ture.

La. Anne. Where is he ?

Glo'st. Ah ! take more pity in thy eyes, and see him
—here

La. Anne. Would they were basilisks to strike thee
dead.

Glo'st. I would they were, that I might die at once,
For now they kill me with a living death ;

Darting with cruel aim, despair and love ;

I never su'd to friend or enemy ;

My tongue could never learn soft smoothing words ;

But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,

My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to
speak.

La. Anne. Is there a tongue on earth can speak for
thee ?

Why dost thou court my hate ?

Trey. Where will this end ? She frowns upon him
yet.

Stanley.

20 THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF

Stanley. But yet she hears him in her frowns—I fear him.

Glo'st. Oh, teach not thy soft lip such cold contempt—

If thy relentless heart cannot forgive,
Lo, here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword,
Which, if thou please to hide in this true breast,
And let the honest soul out that adores thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg that death upon my knee.

La. Anne. What shall I say or do! direct me heav'n ;

When stones weep, sure the tears are natural,
And heaven itself instructs us to forgive,
When they do flow from a sincere repentance.

Glo'st. Nay, do not pause, for I did kill King Henry,
But 'twas thy wond'rous beauty did provoke me ;
Or, now dispatch—'twas I that stabb'd young Edward,
But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on ;
And I might still persist (so stubborn is
My temper) to rejoice at what I've done,
But that thy powerful eyes (as roaring seas
Obey the changes of the moon) have turn'd
My heart, and made it flow with penitence.

[She drops the sword.]

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

La. Anne. No, though I wish thy death,
I will not be thy executioner.

Glo'st. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

La. Anne. I have already.

Glo'st. That was in thy rage ;
Say it again, and with thy word,
This guilty hand, that robb'd thee of thy love,
Shall, for thy love, revenge thee on thy lover.
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessory.

Tref. By heav'n she wants the heart to bid him do't.

Stanley. What think you now, Sir ?

Tref. I'm struck! I scarce can credit what I see.

Stanley.

Stanley. Why, you see a woman.

Tref. When future chronicles shall speak of this,
They will be thought romance, not history.

Glo'st. What, not a word to pardon or condemn
me?

But thou art wise—and canst with silence kill me;
Yet ev'n in death my fleeting soul pursues thee;
Dash not the tears of penitence away;

'I ask but leave t' indulge my cold despair;
'By heav'n! there's joy in this extravagance
'Of woe—'tis melting soft, 'tis pleasing ruin.
'Oh! 'tis too much, too much for life to bear
'This aching tenderness of thought.'

La. Anne. Wouldst thou not blame me to forgive thy
crimes?

Glo'st. They're not to be forgiven; no, not even
Penitence can atone 'em——Oh misery
Of thought! that strikes me with at once repentance
And despair——Tho' unpardon'd, yield me pity.

La. Anne. Would I knew thy heart.

Glo'st. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

La. Anne. I fear me both are false.

Glo'st. Then never man was true.

La. Anne. Put up thy sword.

Glo'st. Say then, my peace is made.

La. Anne. That shalt thou know hereafter.

Glo'st. But shall I live in hope?

La. Anne. All men, I hope, live so.

Glo'st. I swear, bright saint, I am not what I was.
Those eyes have turn'd my stubborn heart to woman;
Thy goodness makes me soft in penitence,
And my harsh thoughts are turn'd to peace and love.
Oh! if thy poor devoted servant might
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou wouldst confirm his happiness for ever.

La. Anne. What is't?

Glo'st. That it may please thee, leave these sad de-
signs

To him that has most cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby-House;

Where,

22 THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF

Where, after I have solemnly interr'd,
At Chertsey monast'ry, this injur'd King,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,
I will with all expedient duty see you :
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you
Grant me this favour.

La. Anne. I do, my Lord—and much it joys me, too;
To see you are become so penitent.
Tressel and Stanley go along with me.

Glo'st. Bid me farewell.

La. Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve;
But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already.

[*Exit.*

Guard. Towards Chertsey, my Lord?

Glo'st. No, to White-friars, there attend my coming.

[*Exeunt Guards with the Body.*

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won?
I'll have her, but I will not keep her long.
What! I that kill'd her husband and her father,
To take her in her heart's extremest hate,
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of my hatred by,
Having Heav'n, her conscience, and these bars against
me,

And I no friends to back my suit withal,
But the plain devil, and dissembling looks!
And yet to win her! all the world to nothing!
Can she abase her beauteous eyes on me,
Whose all not equals Edward's moiety?
On me, that halt, and am mishapen thus!
My Dukedom to a widow's chastity.
I do mistake my person all this while:
Upon my life, she finds, altho' I cannot,
Myself to be a marvellous proper man.
I'll have my chambers lin'd with looking-glasses;
And entertain a score or two of Taylors,
To study fashions to adorn my body.
Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost;

But

KING RICHARD THE THIRD. 23

But first, I'll turn St. Harry to his grave,
And then return lamenting to my love.
Shine out, fair sun, till I salute my glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass.

[Exit.]

SCENE, *the Presence.*

Enter Buckingham hastily, meeting Lord Stanley.

Buck. Did you see the Duke?

Stanley. What Duke, my Lord?

Buck. His Grace of Glo'ster, did you see him?

Stanley. Not lately, my Lord—I hope no ill news.

Buck. The worst that heart e'er bore, or tongue can
utter,

Edward the King, his royal brother's dead!

Stanley. 'Tis sad, indeed!—I wish by your impa-
tience

To acquaint him tho', you think it so to him. [*Aside.*

Did the King, my Lord, make any mention

Of a protector for his crown and children.

Buck. He did—Duke Richard has the care of
both.

Stanley. That sad news you are afraid to tell him too.

[*Aside.*

Buck. He'll spare no toil, I'm sure, to fill his place.

Stanley. Pray Heav'n he's not too diligent. [*Aside.*

My Lord—Is not that the Duchess of York,

The King's mother? coming, I fear, to visit him.

Buck. 'Tis she—little thinking what has befallen us.

Enter Duchess of York.

Duc. of York. Good day, my Lords; how takes the
King his rest?

Buck. Alas! Madam, too well—he sleeps for ever.

Duc. of York. Dead! Good heav'n support me!

Buck. Madam, 'twas my unhappy lot to hear
His last departing groans, and close his eyes.

Duc.

24 THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF

Duc. of *York*. Another taken from me, too: why,
just heav'n,

Am I still left the last in life and woe?
First I bemoan'd a noble husband's death,
Yet liv'd with looking on his images:
But now my last support is gone——first Clarence,
Now Edward is for ever taken from me:

'Both crutches now the unrelenting hand
'Of death has stricken from my feeble arms,'
And I must now of force sink down with sorrow.

Buck. Your youngest son, the noble Richard, lives:
His love, I know, will feel his mother's cares,
And bring new comfort to your latter days.

Duc. of *York*. 'Twere new, indeed! for yet of him
I've none,

Unless a churlish disposition may
Be counted from a child a mother's comfort.

'From his malicious grudge I know my son,
'His brother Clarence' death was first contriv'd;
'But may his penitence find heaven's mercy.'
Where is the Queen, my Lord?

Buck. I left her with her kinsmen, deep in sorrow,
Who have with much ado persuaded her
To leave the body——Madam, they are here.

Enter Queen, Rivers, and Dorset.

Queen. Why do you thus oppose my grief? unless,
To make me rave, and weep the faster? ha!
My mother too in tears! fresh sorrow strikes
My heart, at sight of every friend that lov'd
My Edward living—Oh, mother, he is dead!
Edward my Lord, thy son, our King, is dead!
Oh! that my eyes could weep away my soul,
Then I might follow worthy of his hearse.

Stanley. Your duty, Madam, of a wife is dead,
And now the mother's only claims your care.
Think on the Prince, your son—send for him straight,
And let his coronation clear your eyes.
Bury your griefs in the dead Edward's grave,
Revive your joys on living Edward's throne.

Queen. Alas ! that thought but adds to my afflictions.
New tears, for Edward gone, and fears for Edward
living ;

An helpless child in his minority
Is in the trust of his stern uncle Glo'ster ;
A man that frowns on me, and all of mine.

Buck. Judge not so hardly, Madam, of his love ;
Your son will find in him a father's care.

Enter Glo'ster behind.

Glo'st. Why ay ! these tears look well—Sorrow's the
mode,

And every one at Court must wear it now :
With all my heart ; I'll not be out of fashion. [*Aside.*

Queen. My Lord, just heaven knows, I never hated
Glo'ster :

But wou'd on any terms embrace his friendship.

Buck. These words wou'd make him weep—I know
him yours :

See where he comes in sorrow for our loss.

Glo'st. My Lords, good-morrow,——Cousin of
Buckingham,

I am yours. [*Weeps.*

Buck. Good morning to your Grace.

Glo'st. Methinks

We meet like men, that had forgot to speak.

Buck. We may remember—but our argument
Is now too mournful to admit much talk.

Glo'st. It is indeed ! Peace be with him that made it so.

Sister, take comfort—'tis true, we've all cause

To mourn the dimming of our shining star ;

But sorrow never cou'd revive the dead ;

And, if it cou'd, hope wou'd prevent our tears ;

So we must weep because we weep in vain.

Madam, my mother—I do cry you mercy,

My grief was blind—I did not see your Grace.

Most humbly on my knee I crave your blessing.

Duc. of York. Thou hast it, and may thy charitable
Heart and tongue love one another ; may heav'n

Endow thy breast with meekness and obedience.

Glo'st. Amen, and make me die a good old man :
That's the old but-end of a mother's blessing ;

I marvel that her Grace did leave it out. [*Aside.*

Buck. My Lords, I think 'twere fit that now Prince
Edward

Forthwith from Ludlow shou'd be sent for home,
In order to his coronation.

Glo'st. By all means, my Lords.—Come, let's in to
Council,

And appoint who shall be the messengers :
Madam, and you, my sister, please you go
To give your sentiments on this occasion.

Queen. My Lord, your wisdom needs no help from me,
My glad consent you have in all that's just ;
Or for the people's good, tho' I suffer by't.

Glo'st. Please you to retire, Madam ; we shall propose
What you'd not think the people's wrongs nor yours.

Queen. May heaven prosper all your good intent.

[*Exeunt all but Glo'ster and Buck.*

Glo'st. Amen, with all my heart,—for mine's the
Crown ;

And is not that a good one——ha ! pray'd she not
well, cousin ?

Buck. I hope the prophesy'd—you now stand fair.

Glo'st. Now by St. Paul, I feel it here—methinks
The massy weight on't galls my laden brow :
What think'st thou, cousin, wert not an easy matter
To get Lord Stanley's hand to help it on ?

Buck. My Lord, I doubt that for his father's sake ;
He loves the Prince too well ; he'll scarce be won
To any thing against him.

Glo'st. Poverty, the reward of honest fools,
O'ertake him for't——What think'st thou then of
Hastings ?

Buck. He shall be try'd, my Lord——I'll find out
Catesby,

Who shall at subtle distance sound his thoughts :
But we must still suppose the worst may happen :
What if we find him cold in our design ?

Glo'st.

Glo'st. Chop off his head—something we'll soon determine;

But haste, and find out Catesby,
That done, follow me to the Council-Chamber;
We'll not be seen together much, nor have
It known that we confer in private—therefore
Away, good cousin.

Buck. I am gone, my Lord. [Exit.

Glo'st. Thus far we run before the wind;
My fortune smiles, and gives me all that I dare ask.
The conquer'd Lady Anne is bound in vows,
Fast as the Priest can make us, we are one.
The King, my brother, sleeps without his pillow,
And I'm left the guardian of his infant heir.
Let me see—

The Prince will soon be here—let him! the Crown!
Oh yes! he shall have twenty globes and scepters too.
New ones, made to play withal—but no Coronation—
No, nor any Court-flies about him—no kinsmen.
Hold ye—where shall he keep his Court?
Ay—the Tower. [Exit.

ACT III. SCENE the Palace.

Enter Prince Edward, Glo'ster, Buckingham, Lord Stanley, Tressel, and Attendants.

Glo'ster.

NOW, my royal cousin, welcome to London:
Welcome to all those honour'd dignities
Which by your father's will, and by your birth,
You stand the undoubted heir possess'd of:
And, if my plain simplicity of heart
May take the liberty to shew itself,
You're farther welcome to your uncle's care
And love—Why do you sigh, my Lord?
The weary way has made you melancholy.

B 2

R. Ed.

28 THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF

P. Ed. No, uncle, but our crosses on the way
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy :
I want more uncles here to welcome me !

Tref. More uncles ! what means his Highness ?

Stanley. Why, Sir, the careful Duke of Glo'ster has
Secur'd his kinsmen on the way—Lord Rivers, Grey,
Sir Thomas Vaughan, and others of his friends,
Are prisoners now in Pomfret Castle ;
On what pretence it boots not—there they are,
Let the Devil and the Duke alone to accuse 'em.

Glo'st. My Lord, the Mayor of London comes to
greet you.

Enter Lord Mayor and Citizens.

Ld. Mayor. Vouchsafe, most gracious Sovereign, to
accept

The general homage of your loyal city :
We farther beg your royal leave to speak
In deep condolment of your father's loss ;
And, as far as our true sorrow would permit,
To 'gratulate your accession to the Throne.

P. Ed. I thank you, good my Lord, and thank you
all.

Alas, my youth is yet unfit to govern,
Therefore the sword of justice is in abler hands :
But be assur'd of this, so much already
I perceive I love you, that tho' I know not yet
To do you offices of good ; yet this I know,
I'll sooner die, than basely do you wrong.

Glo'st. So wise, so young, they say do never live long.
[Aside.]

P. Ed. My Lords,
I thought my mother, and my brother York,
Wou'd long ere this have met us on the way :
Say, uncle Glo'ster, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn till our Coronation ?

Glo'st. Where it shall seem best to your royal self ;
May I advise you, Sir, some day or two
Your Highness shall repose you at the Tower ;
Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.

P. Ed.

KING RICHARD THE THIRD. 29

P. *Ed.* Why at the Tower? But be it as you please.

Buck. My Lord—your brother's Grace of York.

Enter Duke and Dukes of York.

P. *Ed.* Richard of York! how fares our dearest brother?

[*Embracing.*]

D. of *York.* Oh, my dear Lord! So I must call you now.

P. *Ed.* Ay, brother, to our grief, as it is yours.
Too soon he dy'd, who might have better worn
That title, which in me will lose its majesty.

Glo'st. How fares our cousin, noble Lord of York?

D. of *York.* Thank you kindly, dear uncle—Oh,
my Lord,

You said that idle weeds were fast in growth;
The King, my brother, has out-grown me far.

Glo'st. He has, my Lord.

D. of *York.* And therefore is he idle?

Glo'st. Oh, pretty cousin, I must not say so.

D. of *York.* Nay, uncle, I don't believe the saying's
true,

For if it were, you'd be an idle weed.

Glo'st. How so, cousin?

D. of *York.* Because I have heard folks say you grew
so fast,

Your teeth wou'd gnaw a crust at two hours old:

Now 'twas two years ere I cou'd get a tooth.

Glo'st. Indeed! I find the brat is taught this lesson—
[*Aside.*]

Who told thee this, my pretty merry cousin?

D. of *York.* Why, your nurse, uncle.

Glo'st. My nurse, child! she was dead 'fore thou
wert born.

D. of *York.* If 'twas not she, I can't tell who told me.

Glo'st. So subtle, too—'tis pity thou art short-li'd.
[*Aside.*]

P. *Ed.* My brother, uncle, will be cross in talk.

Glo'st. Oh, fear not, my Lord, we shall never quarrel.

P. *Ed.* I hope your Grace knows how to bear with
him—

30 THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF

D. of York. You mean to bear me—not to bear with me—

Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me:
Because that I am little like an ape,
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.

P. Ed. Fye, brother, I have no such meaning.

Stanley. With what a sharp, provided wit he reasons:
To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himself.

Tref. So cunning and so young is wonderful!

Glo'st. My Lord, wilt please you pass along?
Myself and my good cousin of Buckingham
Will to your mother, to intreat of her
To meet and bid you welcome at the Tower.

D. of York. What! will you go to the Tower, my
good Lord?

P. Ed. My Lord Protector will have it so.

D. of York. I shan't sleep in quiet at the Tower.

Glo'st. I'll warrant you——King Henry lay there,
And he sleeps in quiet. *[Aside.]*

P. Ed. What shou'd you fear, brother?

D. of York. My uncle Clarence' ghost, my Lord;
My grandmother told me he was kill'd there.

P. Ed. I fear no uncles dead.

Glo'st. Nor any, Sir, that live, I hope.

P. Ed. I hope so, too—but come, my Lords,
To the Tower, since it must be so.

[Exeunt all but Glo'ster and Buckingham.]

Buck. Think you, my Lord, this little prating York
Was not instructed by his subtle mother
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

Glo'st. No doubt; no doubt; oh 'tis a shrewd young
mafter;

Stubborn, bold, quick, forward and capable!
He is all the mother's from the top to the toe:
But let them rest—now what says Catesby?

Buck. My Lord, 'tis much as I suspected, and
He's here himself to inform you.

Enter Catesby.

Glo'st. So Catesby—hast thou been tampering?
What news?

Catesby,

KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

37

Catesby. My Lord, according to th' instruction giv'n me,

With words at distance dropp'd, I sounded Hastings,
Piercing how far he did affect your purpose;
To which indeed I found him cold, unwilling:
The sum is this—he seem'd awhile to understand me
not.

At length, from plainer speaking urg'd to answer,
He said in heat, rather than wrong the head
To whom the crown was due, he'd lose his own.

Glo'st. Indeed! his own then answer for that saying:
He shall be taken care of—meanwhile, Catesby,
Be thou near me—Cousin of Buckingham,
Let's lose no time—the Mayor and Citizens
Are now busy meeting in Guildhall:
Thither I'd have you haste immediately,
And at your meetest 'vantage of the time,
Improve those hints I gave you late to speak of:
But above all infer the bastardy
Of Edward's children;

- Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person;
- Tell 'em, when my mother went with child of him,
- My princely father then had wars in France,
- And by true computation of the time,
- Found, that the issue was not his begot,
- Which in his lineaments too plain appear'd,
- Being nothing like the noble York my father;
- Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off,
- Because, my Lord, you know my mother lives.'

Buck. Doubt not, my Lord, I'll play the orator
As if myself might wear the golden fee
For which I plead.

Glo'st. If you thrive well, bring 'em to see me here;
Where you shall find me seriously employ'd
With the most learned fathers of the church.

Buck. I fly, my Lord, to serve you.

Glo'st. To serve thyself, my cousin;
For look, when I am King, claim thou of me
The Earldom of Hereford, and all those moveables
Whereof the King my brother stood possess'd.

32 THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF

Buck. I shall remember that your Grace was bountiful.

Glo'st. Cousin, I have said it.

Buck. I am gone, my Lord.

[*Exit.*

Glo'st. So, I've secur'd my Cousin here. These moveables

Will never let his brains rest till I'm King.

Catesby, go you with speed to Doctor Shaw,
And thence, to Friar Beuker——bid 'em both
Attend me here, within an hour at farthest;
Mean while my private orders shall be given,

[*Exit Catesby.*

To lock out all admittance to the Princes.

Now, by St. Paul, the work goes bravely on.

How many frightful stops would conscience make
In some soft heads, to undertake like me?

Come, this conscience is a convenient scarecrow,
It guards the fruit which Priests and wise men taste,
Who never set it up to fright themselves;
They know 'tis rags, and gather in the face on't;
While half-starv'd shallow daws thro' fear are honest.
Why were laws made, but that we're rogues by nature?
Conscience! 'tis our coin, we live by parting with it;
And he thrives best that has the most to spare.
The protesting lover buys hope with it,
And the deluded virgin short-liv'd pleasure:
Old grey-beards cram their avarice with it:
Your lank-jaw'd hungry judge will dine upon't,
And hang the guiltless, rather than eat his mutton cold:
The crown'd head quits it for despotic sway,
The stubborn people for unaw'd rebellion.
There's not a slave but has his share of villain:
Why then shall after-ages think my deeds
Inhuman, since my worst are but ambition.
Ev'n all mankind to some lov'd ills incline:
Great men choose greater sins, ambition's mine. [*Exit.*

Scene draws, and discovers Lady Anne sitting on a couch.

La. Anne. When, when shall I have rest! Was marriage made

To

To be the scourge of our offences here?
 Oh! no—'twas meant a blessing to the virtuous;
 It once was so to me, tho' now my curse.
 The fruit of Edward's love was sweet and pleasing;
 But, oh! untimely cropt by cruel Glo'ster;
 Who rudely having grafted on his stock,
 Now makes my life yield only sorrow.
 Let me have music to compose my thoughts.

[*Soft music.*]

It will not be——nought but the grave can close my
 eyes.

' How many labouring wretches take their rest,
 ' While I, night after night, with cares lie waking!
 ' As if the gentle nurse of nature, sleep,
 ' Had vow'd to rock my peevish sense no more.
 ' Oh partial sleep! canst thou in smoaky cottages
 ' Stretch out the peasant's limbs on beds of straw,
 ' And lay him fast, cramm'd with distressful bread!
 ' Yet in the softest breeze of peaceful night,
 ' Under the canopies of costly state,
 ' Tho' lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody,
 ' Refuse one moment's slumber to a Princess?
 ' Oh! mockery of greatness!' But see,
 He comes, the rude disturber of my pillow.

Enter Glo'ster.

Glo'st. Ha! still in tears? let them flow on; they're
 signs

Of a substantial grief—why don't she die?
 She must, my interest will not let her live.
 The fair Elizabeth hath caught my eye;
 My heart is vacant, and she shall fill her place.
 They say that women have but tender hearts:
 'Tis a mistake, I doubt—I've found 'em tough;
 They'll bend, indeed—but he must strain that cracks 'em.
 All I can hope's to throw her into sickness,
 That I may send her a Physician's help. [*Aside.*]
 So, Madam, what, you still take care, I see,
 To let the world believe I love you not.

34 THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF

This outward mourning now has malice in't,
So have these sullen, disobedient tears;
I'll have you tell the world I dote upon you.

La. Anne. I wish I cou'd—but 'twill not be believ'd.
Have I deserv'd this usage?

Glo'st. You have—you do not please me as at first.

La. Anne. What have I done? what horrid crime
committed?

Glo'st. To me the worst of crimes; outliv'd my liking.

La. Anne. If that be criminal, just Heav'n be kind,
And take me while my penitence is warm;
Oh, Sir! forgive, and kill me.

Glo'st. Umph! no—the meddling world will call
that murder,

And I would have them think me pitiful:
Now wert thou not afraid of self-destruction,
Thou hast a fair excuse for't.

La. Anne. How fain would I be friends with death?
—Oh! name it.

Glo'st. Thy husband's hate, nor do I hate thee only
From the dull'd edge of sated appetite,
But from the eager love I bear another.
Some call me hypocrite—what think'st thou now?
Do I dissemble?

La. Anne. Thy vows of love to me were all dissem-
bled.

Glo'st. Not one—for when I told thee so, I lov'd:
Thou art the only soul I never yet deceiv'd;
And 'tis my honesty that tells thee now,
With all my heart I hate thee.

If this have no effect she is immortal.

[*Aside.*]

La. Anne. Forgive me, Heav'n, that I forgave this man,
Oh! may my story, told in after ages,
Give warning to our easy sex's ears;
May it unveil the hearts of men, and strike
Them deaf to their dissimulated love.

Enter Catesby.

Glo'st. Now, Catesby.

Catesby. My Lord, his Grace of Buckingham attends
your Highness' pleasure.

Glo'st. Wait on him—I'll expect him here.

[*Exit* Catesby.]

Your absence, Madam, will be necessary.

La. Anne. Wou'd my death were so—

[*Exit.*]

Glo'st. It may be shortly.

Enter Buckingham.

My cousin, what say the Citizens?

Buck. Now, by our hopes, my Lord, they are senseless stones:

Their hesitating fear has struck 'em dumb.

Glo'st. Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children?

Buck. I did, with his contract to Lady Lucy;
Nay, his own bastardy, and tyranny for trifles,
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace;
Your bounty, justice, fair humility;
Indeed left nothing that might gild our cause
Untouch'd, or slightly handled in my talk:
And when my oration drew towards an end,
I urg'd of them that lov'd their country's good,
To do you right, and cry, *Long live King Richard.*

Glo'st. And did they so?

Buck. Not one, by Heav'n—but each like statues
fix'd,

Speechless and pale, star'd in his fellow's face:
Which, when I saw, I reprehended them,
And ask'd the Mayor what meant this wilful silence?
His answer was, The people were not us'd
To be spoken to but by the Recorder;
Who then took on him to repeat my words,
Thus saith the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferr'd;
But nothing urg'd in warrant from himself.
When he had done, some followers of my own,
At th' lower end of th' hall, hurl'd up their caps,
And some ten voices cry'd, *God save King Richard.*
At which I took the 'vantage of those few,
And cry'd, Thanks, gentle Citizens, and Friends:
This general applause and chearful shout,

36 THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF

Argues your wisdom, and your love to Richard.
And even here broke off, and came away.

Glo'st. Oh tongueless blocks! wou'd they not speak?
Will not the Mayor, then, and his brethren come?

Buck. The Mayor is here at hand—feign you some fear,

And be not spoke with, but with mighty suit.
A Prayer-book in your hand, my Lord, were well,
Standing between two Churchmen of repute;
For on that ground I'll make an holy descant;
Yet be not easily won to our requests;
Seem, like the virgin, fearful of your wishes.

Glo'st. My other self—my counsel's consistory!
My oracle! my prophet! my dear cousin!
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.

Buck. Hark! the Lord Mayor's at hand—away, my Lord;

Nor doubt, but yet we reach our point propos'd.

Glo'st. We cannot fail, my Lord, while you are pilot!
A little flattery sometimes does well. [Exit.]

Enter Lord Mayor and Citizens.

Buck. Welcome, my Lord, I dance attendance here.
I am afraid the Duke will not be spoke withal.

Enter Catesby.

Now, Catesby, what says your Lord to my request?

Catesby. My Lord, he humbly does intreat your Grace
To visit him to-morrow, or the next day:
He's now retir'd with two right reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation;
And in no worldly suits would he be mov'd
To interrupt his holy exercise.

Buck. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious Duke;
Tell him, myself, the Mayor, and Citizens,
In deep designs, in matters of great moment,
No less importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his Grace.

Catesby. My Lord, I'll instantly inform his Highness.

Buck. Ah, my Lord! this Prince is not an Edward;
He

He is not lolling on a lewd love bed,
 But on his knees at meditation ;
 Not dallying with a brace of courtezans ;
 But with two deep Divines in sacred praying :
 Happy were England, would this virtuous Prince
 Take on himself the toil of sov'reignty.

Ld. Mayor. Happy indeed, my Lord.
 He will not, sure, refuse our proffer'd love.

Buck. Alas, my Lord ! you know him not, his
 mind's

Above this world—he's for a crown immortal.
 Look there, his door opens : now where's our hope ?

Ld. Mayor. See where his Grace stands, 'tween two
 Clergymen !

Buck. Ay, ay, 'tis there he's caught—there's his
 ambition.

Ld. Mayor. How low he bows to thank 'em for their
 care !

And see ! a Pray'r-book in his hand !

Buck. Would he were King, we'd give him leave to
 pray :

Methinks I wish it for the love he bears the city.

How have I heard him vow, he thought it hard

The Mayor should lose his title with his office.

Well, who knows ? He may be won.

Ld. Mayor. Ah, my Lord !

Buck. See, he comes forth—my friends, be resolute ;
 I know he's cautious to a fault, but do not
 Leave him till our honest suit be granted.

Enter Glo'ster with a Book.

Glo'st. Cousin of Buckingham,
 I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,
 Who, earnest in my zealous meditation,
 So long deferr'd the service of my friends ;
 Now do I fear I've done some strange offence,
 That looks disgracious in the city's eye. If so,
 'Tis just you should reprove my ignorance.

Buck. You have, my Lord ; we wish your Grace,
 On our intreaties, would amend your fault.

Glo'st.

38 THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF

Glo'st. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land?

Buck. Know, then, it is your fault, that you resign
The scepter'd office of your ancestors,
Fair England's throne, your own due right of birth,
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock;
While in the mildness of your sleeping thoughts,
(Which here we waken to our country's good)
This wounded isle does want her proper limbs,
Which to recure, join'd with these loyal men,
Your very worshipful, and loving friends;
And by their zealous instigation,
In this just cause, I come to move your Highness,
That on your gracious self you'd take the charge,
And kingly government of this your land,
Not as Protector, Steward, Substitute,
Or lowly Factor for another's gain;
But as successively from blood to blood,
Your own by right of birth, and lineal glory.

Glo'st. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
Fits best with my degree, or your condition;
Therefore to speak in just refusal of your suit,
And then in speaking not to check my friends;
Definitively thus I answer you:
Your love deserves my thanks; but my desert
Unmeritable, shuns your fond request;
For, Heav'n be thank'd, there is no need of me,
The royal stock has left us royal fruit,
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the seat of Majesty,
And make us (no doubt) happy by his reign.
On him I lay what you would lay on me,
The right and fortune of his happier stars;
Which Heav'n forbid my thoughts should rob him of.

Buck. My Lord, this argues conscience in your
Grace;

- * But circumstances well consider'd,
- * The weak respects thereof are nice and trivial.
- * You say that Edward was your brother's son;
- * So say we too, but not by Edward's wife;

- ' If solemn contracts are of any force,
- ' That title justice gave to Lady Lucy;
- ' Ev'n of his birth could I severely speak,
- ' Save that for reverence to some alive,
- ' I give a sparing limit to my tongue.'

Ld. Mayor. Upon our knees, my Lord, we beg your Grace

To wear this precious robe of dignity,
Which on a child must sit too loose and heavy;
'Tis yours, befitting both your wisdom and your birth.

Catesby. My Lord, this coldness is unkind,
Nor suits it with such ardent loyalty.

Buck. O make 'em happy! grant their lawful suit:

Glo'st. Alas! why would you heap this care on me!
I am unfit for state and majesty.

I thank you for your loves, but must declare
(I do beseech you take it not amiss)
I will not! dare not, must not yield to you.

Buck. If you refuse us, thro' a soft remorse,
Loth to depose the child your brother's son,
(As well we know your tenderness of heart)
Yet know, tho' you deny us to the last,
Your brother's son shall never reign our King,
But we will plant some other in the throne,
To the disgrace and downfall of your house:
And thus resolv'd, I bid you, Sir, farewell.
My Lord, and Gentlemen, I beg your pardon
For this vain trouble—my intent was good;
I would have serv'd my country, and my King,
But 'twill not be—Farewell, till next we meet.

Ld. Mayor. Be not too rash, my Lord, his Grace
relents.

Buck. Away, you but deceive yourselves. [Exit.

Catesby. Sweet Prince, accept their suit.

Ld. Mayor. If you deny us, all the land will rue it.

Glo'st. Call him again—you will enforce me to
A world of cares—I am not made of stone,
But penetrable to your kind entreaties;
Tho' Heav'n knows, against my own inclining.

Enter

40 THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF

Enter Buckingham.

Cousin of Buckingham, and sage, grave men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burden, whether I will or no,
I must have patience to endure the load ;
But if black scandal, or foul fac'd reproach
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me ;
For Heaven knows, as you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.

Ld. Mayor. Heaven guard your Grace ; we see it,
and will say it.

Glo'st. You will but say the truth, my Lord.

Buck. My heart's so full, it scarce has vent for words ;
My knee will better speak my duty now !
Long live our Sovereign, Richard, King of England.

Glo'st. Indeed, your words have touch'd me nearly,
cousin !

Pray rise—I wish you could recall 'em.

Buck. It would be treason now, my Lord ; to-
morrow,

If it so please your Majesty, from Council
Orders shall be given for your Coronation.

Glo'st. E'en when you please, for you will have it so.

Buck. To-morrow then we will attend your Majesty,
And now we take our leaves with joy.

Glo'st. Cousin, adieu—my loving friend, farewell.
I must unto my holy work again.

[Exeunt all but Richard.]

Why, now my golden dream is out——
Ambition, like an early friend, throws back
My curtains with an eager hand, o'erjoy'd
To tell me what I dreamt is true—A crown :
Thou bright reward of ever-daring minds ;
Oh ! how thy awful glory fills my soul !
Nor can the means that got thee dim thy lustre :
For, not mens love, fear pays thee adoration,
And fame not more survives from good than evil deeds,
Th' aspiring youth, that fir'd the Ephesian dome,

Outlives in fame, the pious fool that rais'd it.
Conscience, lie still, more lives must yet be drain'd;
Crowns got with blood, must be with blood maintain'd.
[Exit.]

A C T IV.

S C E N E, *the Tower.*

Enter Queen, Prince Edward, Duke of York, Dukes of York, and Lady Anne in Tears.

Prince Edward,

PRAY, Madam, do not leave me yet,
For I have many more complaints to tell you.

Queen. And I unable to redress the least.

What would'st thou say, my child?

P. Ed. Oh, mother, since I've lain i' th' Tower,
My rest has still been broke with frightful dreams,
Or shocking news has wak'd me into tears:

I'm scarce allow'd a friend to visit me;

All my old honest servants are turn'd off,

And in their rooms are strange ill-natur'd fellows,

Who look so bold as they were all my masters;

And I'm afraid they'll shortly take you from me.

Duc. of York. Oh mournful hearing!

La. Anne. Oh! unhappy Prince!

D. of York. Dear brother, why do you weep so?
You make me cry too!

Queen. Alas, poor innocence!

P. Ed. Would I but knew at what my uncle aims;
If 'twere my crown, I'd freely give it him,
So he'd but let me 'joy my life in quiet.

D. of York. Why, will my uncle kill us, brother?

Pr. Ed. I hope he won't, we never injur'd him.

Queen. I cannot bear to see 'em thus. [Weeping.]

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stanley. Madam, I hope your Majesty will pardon
What I'm griev'd to tell, unwelcome news!

Queen. Ah me! more sorrow yet! my Lord, we've long
Despair'd of happy tidings; pray what is't?

Stanley.

42 THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF

Stanley. On Tuesday last, your noble kinsmen, Rivers, Grey, and Sir Thomas Vaughan, at Pomfret, Were executed on a public scaffold.

Due of York. Oh dismal tidings!

P. Ed. Oh poor uncles! I doubt my turn is next.

La. Anne. Nor mine, I fear, far off.

Queen. Why then let's welcome blood and massacre,
Yield all our throats to the fell tiger's rage,
And die lamenting one another's wrongs;
Oh! I foresaw this ruin of our house. [Weeps.

Enter Catesby.

Catesby. Madam, the King,
Has sent me to inform your Majesty,
That you prepare, (as is advised from council)
To-morrow for your royal Coronation.

Queen. What do I hear! support me Heav'n.

La. Anne. Despightful tidings! Oh, unpleasant news!
Alas, I heard of this before, but could not
For my soul find heart to tell you of it.

Catesby. The King does farther wish your Majesty
Would less employ your visits at the Tower;
He gives me leave t' attend you to the Court,
And is impatient, Madam, till he sees you.

La. Anne. Farewell to all; and thou, poor injur'd
Queen,

Forgive the unfriendly duty I must pay.

Queen. Alas, kind soul, I envy not thy glory.
Nor think I'm pleas'd thou'rt partner in our sorrow.

Catesby. Madam.

La. Anne. I come.

Queen. Farewell, thou woful welcomer of glory.

Catesby. Shall I attend your Majesty?

La. Anne. Attend me! whither, to be crown'd?
Let me with deadly venom be anointed,
And die ere man can say, *Long live the Queen.*

Queen. Poor grieving heart! I pity thy complaining.

La. Anne. No more than with my soul I mourn for
yours.

A long farewell to all.

[Exit with Catesby.
Stanley.

Stanley. Take comfort, Madam.

Queen. Alas! where is it to be found?
Death and destruction follow us so close,
They shortly must o'ertake us.

Stanley. In Bretany,
My son-in-law, the Earl of Richmond, still
Resides, who with a jealous eye observes
The lawless actions of aspiring Glo'ster;
To him would I advise you, Madam, fly
Forthwith for aid, protection, and redress:
He will, I'm sure, with open arms receive you.

Duch. of York. Delay not, Madam,
For 'tis the only hope that heav'n has left us.

Queen. Do with me what you please—for any change
Must surely better our condition.

Stanley. I farther would advise you, Madam, this instant
To remove the Princes to some
Remote abode, where you yourself are mistress.

P. Ed. Dear Madam take me hence, for I shall ne'er
Enjoy a moment's quiet here.

D. of York. Nor I; pray, mother, let me go, too.

Queen. Come, then, my pretty young ones, let's away,
For here you lie within the falcon's reach,
Who watches but th' unguarded hour to seize you.

Enter Lieutenant.

Lieut. I beg your Majesty will pardon me;
But the young Princes must, on no account,
Have egress from the Tower,
Nor must, (without the King's especial licence,)
Of what degree soever, any person
Have admittance to 'em—all must retire.

Queen. I am their mother, Sir; who else commands 'em?
If I pass freely, they shall follow me.

For you—I'll take the peril of your fault upon myself.

Lieut. My inclination, Madam, would oblige you;
But I am bound by oath, and must obey;
Nor, Madam, can I now with safety answer
For this continu'd visit.

Please you, my Lord, to read these orders.

Queen.

44 THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF

Queen. Oh heav'nly pow'rs! shall I not stay with 'em?

Lieut. Such are the King's commands, Madam.

Queen. My Lord!

Stanleyr 'Tis too true—and it were vain t'oppose 'em.

Queen. Support me, heav'n!

For life can never bear the pangs of such a parting.

Oh my poor children! oh! distracting thought!

I dare not bid 'em (as I should) farewell!

And then to part in silence, stabs my soul!

P. Ed. What, must you leave us, mother?

Queen. What shall I say?

[*Aside.*

But for a time, my loves—we shall meet again,

At least in heaven.

D. of York. Won't you take me with you, mother?

I shall be so 'fraid to stay when you are gone.

Queen. I cannot speak to 'em, and yet we must

Be parted—then let these kisses say farewell.

Why! oh why!—just heaven, must these be our last!

Duc. of York. Give not your grief such way—be sudden when you part.

Queen. I will—since it must be—to heav'n I leave 'em;

Hear me, ye guardian powers of innocence!

Awake or sleeping—Oh protect 'em still;

Still may their helpless youth attract mens pity,

That when the arm of cruelty is rais'd,

Their looks may drop the lifted dagger down

From the stern murderer's relenting hand,

And throw him on his knees in penitence.

Both Princes. Oh mother! mother!

Queen. Oh my poor children! [Exit severally.

SCENE the Presence.

Discovering Glo'ster seated, Buckingham, Catesby, Ratcliff, Lovel, &c.

Glo'st. Stand all apart—Cousin of Buckingham.

Buck. My gracious Sovereign.

Glo'st. Give me thy hand.

At

At length by thy advice and thy assistance,
Is Glo'ster seated on the English throne.

But say, my cousin—

What, shall we wear these glories for a day?
Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

Buck. I hope for ages, Sir—long may they grace you.

Glo'st. Oh Buckingham! now do I play the touchstone,
To try if thou be current friend indeed.

Young Edward lives, so does his brother York.

Now think what I would speak.

Buck. Say on, my gracious Lord,

Glo'st. I tell thee, cuz, I've lately had two spiders
Crawling upon my startled hopes—

Now tho' thy friendly hand has brush'd 'em from me,
Yet still they crawl offensive to my eyes;

I would have some kind friend to tread upon 'em.

I would be King, my cousin.

Buck. Why so I think you are, my royal Lord.

Glo'st. Ha! am I King? 'Tis so—but—Edward lives.

Buck. Most true, my Lord.

Glo'st. Cousin, thou wert not wont to be so dull.
Shall I be plain—I wish the bastards dead;

And I would have it suddenly perform'd:

Now, cousin, can'st thou answer me?

Buck. None dare dispute your Highness' pleasure.

Glo'st. Indeed! methinks thy kindness freezes,
cousin,

Thou dost refuse me, then!—they shall not die.

Buck. My Lord, since 'tis an action cannot be
Recall'd, allow me but some pause to think,

I'll instantly resolve your Highness.

[Exit,

Catesby. The King seems angry; see, he gnaws his
lip.

Glo'st. I'll henceforth deal with shorter-sighted fools.
None are for me, that look into my deeds

With thinking eyes——

High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect;

The best on't is, it may be done without him,

Tho' not so well, perhaps;—had he consented,

Why then the murder had been his, not mine.

We'll

45 THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF

We'll make a shift as 'tis—Come hither Catesby ;
Where's that same Tyrrel whom thou told'st me of ?
Hast thou given him those fums of gold I order'd ?

Catesby. I have, my Liege.

Glo'st. Where is he ?

Catesby. He waits your Highness' pleasure.

Glo'st. Give him this ring, and say, myself
Will bring him farther orders instantly. [*Exit Catesby.*
The deep-revolving Duke of Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbour to my councils :
Has he so long held out with me untir'd,
And stops he now for breath ? Well, be it so.

Enter Lord Stanley.

How now, Lord Stanley, what's the news ?

Stanley. I hear, my Liege, the Lord Marquis of Dorset
Is fled to Richmond, now in Bretany.

Glo'st. Why let him go, my Lord, he may be spar'd.
Hark thee, Ratcliff, when saw'st thou Anne, my Queen ?
Is she still weak ? has my Physician seen her ?

Ratcliff. He has, my Lord, and fears her mightily.

Glo'st. But he's exceeding skilful, she'll mend shortly.

Ratcliff. I hope she will, my Lord.

Glo'st. And if she does, I have mistook my man.
I must be marry'd to my brother's daughter,
At whom I know the Breton, Richmond, aims ;
And by that knot looks proudly on the crown.
But then to stain me with her brother's blood ;
Is that the way to wooe the sister's love ?

No matter what's the way—for while they live
My goodly kingdom's on a weak foundation.

'Tis done, my daring heart's resolv'd—they're dead !

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. My Lord, I have consider'd in my mind,
The late request that you did sound me in.

Glo'st. Well, let that rest—Dorset is fled to Richmond.

Buck. I have heard the news, my Lord.

Glo'st. Stanley, he's your near kinsman—well, look
to him.

Buck.

Buck. My Lord, I claim that gift, my due by promise,
For which your honour and your faith's engag'd;
The Earldom of Hereford, and those moveables,
Which you have promised I shall possess.

Glo'st. Stanley, look to your wife; if she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

Buck. What says your Highness to my just request?

Glo'st. I do remember me, Harry the Sixth
Did prophesy, that Richmond should be King,
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.
'Tis odd—a King, perhaps—

Enter Catesby.

Catesby. My Lord, I have obey'd your Highness' orders.

Buck. May it please you to resolve me in my suit.

Glo'st. Lead Tyrrel to my closet, I'll meet him.

Buck. I beg your Highness' ear, my Lord.

Glo'st. I'm busy—thou troublest me—I'm not i'th'
vein. [*Exeunt Glo'ster, Stanley, &c.*]

Buck. Oh patience, Heav'n! is't thus he pays my
service?

Was it for this I rais'd him to the throne?

Oh! if the peaceful dead have any sense

Of those vile injuries they bore, while living,

Then sure the joyful souls of blood-suck'd Edward,

Henry, Clarence, Hastings, and all that through

His foul corrupted dealings have miscarry'd,

Will from the walls of Heav'n in smiles look down

To see this tyrant tumbling from his Throne,

His fall unmourn'd, and bloody as their own. [*Exit.*]

SCENE, the Tower.

Enter Tyrrel, Dighton, and Forest.

Tyrrel. Come, Gentlemen,
Have you concluded on the means?

Forest. Smothering will make no noise, Sir.

Tyrrel. Let it be done i'th' dark—for shou'd you see
Their

48 THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF

Their young faces, who knows how far their looks
Of innocence may tempt you into pity?

Forest. 'Tis ease, and living well, makes innocence.

' I hate a face less guilty than my own ;

' Were all that now seem honest, deep as we

' In trouble and in want, they'd all be rogues.

Tyrrel. Stand back—Lieutenant, have you brought
the keys?

Enter Lieutenant.

Lieut. I have 'em, Sir.

Tyrrel. Then here's your warrant to deliver 'em.

[*Giving a Ring.*]

Lieut. Your servant, Sir.

What can this mean? why at this dead of night

To give 'em too! 'Tis not for me t'enquire. [*Exit.*]

Tyrrel. There, Gentlemen ; [*Exeunt severally.*]

That way—you have no farther need of me.

Enter Glo'ster.

Glo'st. Wou'd it were done :

There is a busy something here,

That foolish custom has made terrible,

To the intent of evil deeds ; and nature too,

As if she knew me womanish, and weak,

Tugs at my heart-strings with complaining cries,

To talk me from my purpose—

And then the thought of what men's tongues will say,

Of what their hearts must think ;

To have no creature love me living, nor

My memory when dead.

Shall future ages, when these childrens tale

Is told, drop tears in pity of their hapless fate,

And read with detestation the misdeeds of Glo'ster ;

The crook-back'd tyrant, cruel, barbarous,

And bloody—will they not say too,

That to possess the Crown, nor laws divine

Nor human stopp'd my way?—Why let 'em say it ;

They can't but say I had the Crown ;

I was not fool as well as villain.

Hark!

KING RICHARD THE THIRD. 49

Hark! the murder's doing; Princes farewell,
To me there's musick in your passing-bell. [Exit.

Enter Tyrrel.

Tyrrel. 'Tis done; the barbarous bloody act is done.
Ha! the King—his coming hither at this
Late hour, speaks him impatient for the news.

Enter Glo'ster.

Glo'st. Now, my Tyrrel, how are the brats dispos'd?
Say, am I happy? hast thou dealt upon 'em?

Tyrrel. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
Beget your happiness, then, Sir, be happy, for it is done.

Glo'st. But did'st thou see 'em dead?

Tyrrel. I did, my Lord.

Glo'st. And bury'd, my good Tyrrel?

Tyrrel. In that I thought to ask your Grace's pleasure.

Glo'st. I have it—I'll have 'em sure—get me a coffin
Full of holes, let 'em be both cramm'd into it,
And hark thee, in the night-tide throw 'em down
The Thames—once in, they'll find the way to the
bottom;

Mean time, but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.

Tyrrel. I humbly thank your Highness.

Glo'st. About it straight, good Tyrrel.

Tyrrel. Conclude it done, my Lord. [Exit.

Glo'st. Why then my loudest fears are hush'd;
The sons of Edward have eternal rest,
And Anne my wife has bid this world good night;
While fair Elizabeth, my beauteous niece,
Like a new morn, lights onward to my wishes.

Enter Catesby.

Catesby. My Lord.

C

Glo'st.

50 THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF

Glo'st. Good news, or bad, that thou com'st in so bluntly?

Catesby. Bad news, my Lord; Morton is fled to Richmond,

And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welchmen, Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.

Glo'st. Morton with Richmond, touches me more near Than Buckingham, and his rash levy'd numbers.

But come, dangers retreat when boldly they're confronted,

And dull delays lead impotence and fear;

Then fiery expedition raise my arm,

And fatal may it fall on crush'd rebellion.

Let's muster men, my Council is my shield,

We must be brief when traitors brave the field.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Queen and Duchess of York.

Queen. Oh my poor children——Oh my tender babes!

My unblown flowers, pluck'd by untimely hands;

If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,

And be not fix'd in doom perpetual;

Hover about me with your airy wings,

And hear your mother's lamentation.

Why slept their guardian angels, when this deed was done?

Duc. of York. So many miseries have drain'd my eyes,

That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute;

Why shou'd calamity be full of words?

Queen. Let's give 'em scope, for tho' they can't remove,

Yet do they ease affliction.

Duc. of York. Why then, let us be loud in exclamations,

To Richard haste; and pierce him with our cries;

• That

‘ That from henceforth his conscience may out-tongue
 ‘ The close whispers of his relentless heart.’

[*Trumpet sounds a march.*]

Hark! his trumpet sounds—this way he must pass.

Queen. Alas! I’ve not the daring to confront him.

Duc. of York. I have a mother’s right, I’ll force him
 t’ hear me.

Enter Glo’ster and Catesby, with Forces.

Glo’st. Who interrupts me in my expedition?

Duc. or York. Dost thou not know me? Art thou not
 my son?

Glo’st. I cry you, mercy, Madam, is it you?

Duc. of York. Art thou my son?

Glo’st. Ay, I thank Heav’n, my father, and your-
 self.

Duc. of York. Then I command thee hear me.

Glo’st. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
 That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

Duc. of York. Stay, I’ll be mild and gentle in my
 words.

Glo’st. And brief, good mother, for I am in haste.

Duc. of York. Why, I have staid for thee (just
 Heaven knows)

In torment and in agony.

Glo’st. And came I not at last to comfort you?

Duc. of York. Nô, on my soul, too well thou know’st it,
 A grievous burden was thy birth to me,
 Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy,
 Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and stubborn,
 Thy age confirm’d, most subtle, proud, and bloody.

Glo’st. If I am so disgracious in your eye,
 Let me march on, and not offend you, Madam;
 Strike up the drum.

Duc. of York. Yet stay, I charge thee hear me.

Queen. If not, hear me,—for I have wrongs will
 speak

Without a tongue—Methinks the very sight

52 THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF

Of me should turn thee into stone;

Where are my children, Glo'ster?

Duc. of York. Where is thy brother Clarence?

Queen. Where Hastings?

Duc. of York. Rivers?

Queen. Vaughan?

Duc. of York. Grey?

Glo'st. A flourish, trumpets, strike alarum, drums.

Let not the Heav'ns hear these tell-tale women

Rail on the Heav'n's anointed—Strike, I say.

[Alarm of Drums and Trumpets.

Either be patient, and intreat me fair,

Or with the clamorous report of war

Thus will I drown your exclamations.

Duc. of York. Then hear me, Heav'n, and Heav'n
at his latest hour

Be deaf to him, as he is now to me.

Ere from this war he 'turn a conqueror,

Ye powers, cut off his dangerous thread of life,

Lest his black sins rise higher in account

Than hell has pains to punish.

Mischance and sorrow wait thee to the field,

Heart's discontent, languid, and lean despair,

With all the hells of guilt, pursue thy steps for ever.

[Exit.

Queen. Tho' far more cause, yet much less power to
curse,

Abides in me—I say Amen to her.

Glo'st. Stay, Madam, I wou'd beg some words with
you.

Queen. What can'st thou ask, that I have now to
grant?

Is't another son, Glo'ster? I have none.

Glo'st. You have a beauteous daughter, call'd Eliza-
beth.

Queen. Must she die, too?

Glo'st. For whose fair sake I'll bring more good to
you,

Than ever you or yours from me had harm.

So in the Lethe of thy angry soul

Thou'lt

Thou'lt drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs
Which thou supposest me the cruel cause of.

Queen. Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness

Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

Glo'st. Know then, that from my soul I love the
fair

Elizabeth, and will, with your permission,
Seat her on the throne of England.

Queen. Alas! vain man, how canst thou wooe her?

Glo'st. That I would learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humour.

Queen. If thou wilt learn of me, than wooe her
thus,

Send to her, by the man that kill'd her brothers,

A pair of bleeding hearts—thereon engrav'd,

Edward and York—then haply will she weep.

On this present her with an handkerchief,
Stain'd with their blood, to wipe her woeful eyes:

If this inducement move her not to love,

Read o'er the history of thy noble deeds;

Tell her, thy policy took off her uncles

Clarence, Rivers, Grey, nay, and for her sake,

Made quick conveyance with her dear aunt Anne.

Glo'st. You mock me, Madam; this is not the way
To win your daughter.

Queen. There is no other way,

' Unless thou couldst put on some other form,

' And not be Glo'ster, that has done all this.

Glo'st. As I intend to prosper and repent,

' So thrive I in my dangerous affairs

' Of hostile arms; myself, myself confound,

' Heav'n and Fortune bar me happy hours,

' Day yield me not thy light, nor night thy rest;

' Be opposite all planets of good-luck

' To my proceeding, if with dear heart's love,

' Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,

' I tender not the fair Elizabeth:

' In her consists thy happiness and mine;

' Without her, follows to myself and thee,

54 THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF

- Herself, the land, and many a Christian soul,
- Death, desolation, ruin, and decay:
- It cannot, will not be avoided, but by this.'

Queen. What shall I say? still to affront his love,
I fear will but incense him to revenge;
And to consent, I should abhor myself:
Yet I may seemingly comply, and thus
By sending Richmond word of his intent,
Shall gain some time to let my child escape him.
It shall be so. [*Afide.*]

I have consider'd, Sir, of your important wishes,
And could I but believe you real——

Glo'st. Now by the sacred hosts of saints above——

Queen. Oh do not swear, my Lord, I ask no oath,
Unless my daughter doubt you more than I.

Glo'st. Oh my kind mother, (I must call you so,)
Be thou to her my love's soft orator;
Plead what I will be, not what I have been,
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve.
And when this warlike arm shall have chastis'd
The audacious rebel, hot-brain'd Buckingham;
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
And lead your daughter to a conqueror's bed.

Queen. My Lord, farewell—in some few days expect

To hear how fair a progress I have made:
Till when be happy as you're penitent.

Glo'st. My heart goes with you to my love. Farewel.
[*Exit Queen.*]

Relenting, shallow-thoughted woman.

Enter Ratcliff.

How now! the news!

Ratcliff. Most gracious Sovereign, on the western
coasts

Rides a most powerful navy, and our fears
Inform us Richmond is their Admiral.
There do they hull, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.

[*Exit.*
Glo'st.]

KING RICHARD THE THIRD. 55

Glo'st. We must prevent him then—Come hither,
Catesby.

Catesby. My Lord, your pleasure!

Glo'st. Post to the Duke of Norfolk instantly,
Bid him straight levy all the strength and power
That he can make, and meet me suddenly
At Salisbury—Commend me to his Grace—Away.
[Exit Catesby.]

Enter Lord Stanley.

Well, my Lord, what news have you gather'd?

Stanley. Richmond is on the seas, my Lord!

Glo'st. There let him sink—and be the seas on
him,

White-liver'd renegade—what does he there!

Stanley. I know not, mighty Sovereign, but by
guess.

Glo'st. Well, as you guess.

Stanley. Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and
Morton,

He makes for England, here to claim the Crown.

Glo'st. Traitor! the Crown——

Where is thy power then to beat him back?

Where be thy tenants, and thy followers?

The foe upon our coast, and thou no friends to meet
'em?

Or hast thou march'd them to the western shore,

To give the rebels conduct from their ships?

Stanley. My Lord, my friends are ready all i'th'
North.

Glo'st. The North! why what do they do i'th North,
When they should serve their Sovereign in the West?

Stanley. They yet have had no orders, Sir, to
move:

If 'tis your royal pleasure they should march,

I'll lead them on with utmost haste to join you,

Where, and what time your Majesty shall please.

Glo'st. What, thou would'st be gone to join with
Richmond?

56 THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF

Stanley. Sir, you have no cause to doubt my loyalty,
I ne'er yet was, nor ever will be false.

Glo'st. Away then to thy friends, and lead 'em on
To meet me——hold, come back——I will not trust
thee.

I've thought a way to make thee sure——your son,
George Stanley, Sir, I'll have him left behind;
And look your heart be firm,
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

Stanley. As I prove true, my Lord, so deal with him.
[Exit.]

Enter Ratcliff.

Ratcliff. My Lord, the army of great Buckingham,
By sudden floods, and fall of waters,
Is half lost, and scatter'd:
And he himself wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.

Glo'st. Has any careful Officer proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

Ratcliff. Such proclamation has been made, my Lord.

Enter Catesby.

Catesby. My Liege, the Duke of Buckingham is
taken.

Glo'st. Off with his head——So much for Bucking-
ham.

Catesby. My Lord, I am sorry I must tell more
news.

Glo'st. Out with it.

Catesby. The Earl of Richmond, with a mighty power,
Is landed, Sir, at Milford;
And to confirm the news, Lord Marquis Dorset,
And Sir Thomas Lovewell, are up in Yorkshire.

Glo'st. Why ay, this looks Rebellion——Ho! my
horse!

By Heav'n, the news alarms my stirring soul;

And

' And as the wretch, whose fever-weakned joints,
 ' Like strengthless hinges buckle under life,
 ' Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire,
 ' From his fond keeper's arms, and starts away :
 ' Ev'n so these war-worn limbs grown weak
 ' From war's disuse, being now enrag'd with war,
 ' Feel a new fury, and are thrice themselves.'
 Come forth, my honest sword, which here I vow,
 By my soul's hope, shall ne'er again be sheath'd :
 Ne'er shall these watching eyes have needful rest,
 Till death has clos'd 'em in a glorious grave,
 Or fortune giv'n me measure of revenge. [Exit.

A C T V.

S C E N E *the Country.*

Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert, and others.

Rich. **T**HUS far into the bowels of the land
 Have we march'd on without impediment.

Glo'ster, the bloody and devouring boar,
 Whose ravenous appetite has spoil'd your fields,
 Laid this rich country waste, and rudely cropt
 Its ripen'd hopes of fair posterity,
 Is now even in the center of the isle,
 As we're inform'd, near to the town of Leicester :
 From Tamworth thither, is but one day's march ;
 And here receive we from our father Stanley,
 Lings of fair comfort, and encouragement,
 Such as will help and animate our cause ;
 On which let's cheerly on, courageous friends,
 To reap the harvest of a lasting peace,
 Or fame more lasting from a well-fought war.

Oxford. Your words have fire, my Lord, and warm
 our men,

58 THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF

Who look'd, methought, but cold before—dishearten'd
With the unequal numbers of the foe.

Rich. Why, double 'em still, our cause would conquer 'em.

Thrice is he arm'd that has his quarrel just,
And he but naked, tho' lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted:
The very weight of Glo'ster's guilt shall crush him.

Blunt. His best friends, no doubt, will soon be ours.

Oxford. He has no friends, but what are such thro' fear.

Rich. And we no foes, but what are such to Heav'n.
Then doubt not, Heav'n's for us—let's on, my friends.
True hope ne'er tires, but mounts with eagles wings,
Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures Kings.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *Bosworth-Field.*

Enter Glo'ster, Norfolk, Ratcliff, Surry, &c.

Glo'st. Here pitch our tent, e'en in Bosworth-field:
My good Lord of Norfolk, the cheerful speed
Of your supply has merited my thanks.

Norfolk. I am rewarded, Sir, in having power
To serve your Majesty.

Glo'st. You have our thanks, my Lord: up with my tent:

Here will I lay to-night—but where to-morrow?
Well, no matter where—has any careful friend
Discover'd the number of the rebels?

Norfolk. My Lord, as I from spies am well inform'd,
Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

Glo'st. Why, our battalions treble that account;
Besides, the King's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse faction want.

Norfolk. Their wants are greater yet, my Lord—
those e'en
Of motion, life and spirit—did you but know.

How

How wretchedly their men disgrace the field;
Oh such a tatter'd host of mounted scare-crows!
So poor, so famish'd; their executors,
The greedy crows, fly hovering o'er their heads,
Impatient for their lean inheritance.

Glo'st. Now, by St. Paul, we'll fend 'em dinners and
apparel;

Nay, give their fasting horses provender,
And after fight 'em—How long must we stay,
My Lords, before these desperate fools will give
Us time to lay them with their faces upwards?

Norfolk. Unless their famine saves our swords that
labour,

To-morrow's sun will light 'em to their ruin;
So soon, I hear, they mean to give us battle.

Glo'st. The sooner still the better—Come, my
Lords,

Now let's survey the 'vantage of the ground.
Call me some men of sound direction.

Norfolk. My gracious Lord—

Glo'st. What say'st thou, Norfolk?

Norfolk. Might I advise your Majesty, you yet
Shall save the blood that may be shed to-morrow.

Glo'st. How so, my Lord?

Norfolk. The poor condition of the rebels tell me,
That on a pardon offer'd to the lives
Of those who instantly shall quit their arms,
Young Richmond, ere to-morrow's dawn, were friendless.

Glo'st. Why that, indeed, was our Sixth Harry's way,
Which made his reign one scene of rude commotion.
I'll be in men's despite a Monarch; no,
Let Kings that fear, forgive—Blows and revenge for me.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *a Wood.*

Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Sir William Bran-
don, &c.

Rich. The weary sun has made a golden set,
And by yon ruddy brightness of the clouds,
Gives tokens of a goodly day to-morrow.

60 THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF

Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.
Here have I drawn the model of our battle,
Which parts in just proportion our small power :
Here may each Leader know his several charge.
My Lord of Oxford, you Sir Walter Herbert,
And you, Sir William Brandon, stay with me :
The Earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment.

Enter Soldier.

Sol. Sir, a Gentleman, that calls himself Stanley,
Desires admittance to the Earl of Richmond.

Rich. Now, by our hopes, my noble father-in-law ;
Admit him—my good friends, your leave awhile.

Enter Lord Stanley.

My honour'd father ! on my soul,
The joy of seeing you this night is more
Than my most knowing hopes presag'd——what
news ?

Stanley. I by commission bless thee from thy mother,
Who prays continually for Richmond's good :
The Queen, too, has with tears of joy consented
Thou shouldst espouse Elizabeth her daughter,
At whom the tyrant Richard, closely aims.
In brief, (for now the shortest moment of
My stay is bought with hazard of my life,)
Prepare thy battle early in the morning,
(For so the season of affairs requires,)
And this be sure of, I, upon the first
Occasion offer'd, will deceive some eyes,
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms,
In which I had more forward been ere this,
But that the life of thy young brother, George,
(Whom for my pawn of faith stern Richard keeps,)
Wou'd then be forfeit to his wild revenge.
Farewel, the rude enforcement of the time
Denies me to renew those vows of love,
Which so long sundred friends should dwell upon.

Rich.

KING RICHARD THE THIRD. 61

Rich. We may meet again, my Lord—

Stanley. Till then, once more farewell—be resolute
and conquer. [*Exit.*

R'ch. Give him safe conduct to his regiment.

Well, Sirs, to-morrow proves a busy day ;
But come, the night's far spent—let's in to Council.
Captain, an hour before the sun get's up
Let me be wak'd—I will in person walk
From tent to tent, and early chear the soldiers.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E *Bosworth Field.*

Enter Glo'ster, Ratcliff, Norfolk, and Catesby.

Glo'st. Catesby.

Catesby. Here, my Lord.

Glo'st. Send out a Pursuivant at Arms
To Stanley's regiment ; bid him 'fore sun-rise
Meet me with his power, or young George's head
Shall pay the forfeit of his cold delay.

What, is my beaver easier than it was,
And all my armour laid into my tent ?

Catesby. It is, my Liege ; all is in readiness.

Glo'st. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge ;
Use careful watch—choose trusty centinels.

Norfolk. Doubt not, my Lord.

Glo'st. Be stirring with the lark, good Norfolk.

Norfolk. I shall, my Lord—

[*Exit.*

Glo'st. Saddle white Surry for the field to-morrow.
Is ink and paper ready ?

Catesby. It is, my Lord.

Glo'st. An hour after midnight come to my tent,
And help to arm me—A good night, my friends.

[*Exit.*

Catesby. Methinks the King has not that pleas'd
alacrity,
Nor cheer of mind that he was wont to have.

Ratcliff.

62 THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF

Ratcliff. The mere effect of business;
 You'll find him, Sir, another man i'th' field.
 When you shall see him with his beaver up,
 Ready to mount his neighing steed, with whom
 He smiling seems to have some wanton talk,
 Clapping his pamper'd sides to hold him still;
 Then with a motion swift, and light as air,
 Like fiery Mars, he vaults him to the saddle;
 Looks terror to the foe, and courage to his soldiers.

Catesby. Good-night to Richmond, then; for, as I
 hear,

His numbers are so few, and those so sick,
 And famish'd in their march—if he dares fight us,
 He jumps into the sea to cool his fever.
 But come, 'tis late—Now let us to our tents,
 We've few hours good before the trumpet wakes us.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Glo'ster from his Tent.

Glo'st. 'Tis now the dead of night, and half the
 world
 Is in a lonely solemn darkness hung;
 Yet I, (so coy a dame is sleep to me,)
 With all the weary courtship of
 My care-tir'd thoughts, can't win her to my bed,
 Though ev'n the stars do wink, as 'twere, with over-
 watching.
 I'll forth and walk awhile——The air's refreshing,
 And the ripe harvest of the new-mown hay,
 Gives it a sweet and wholesome odour.
 How awful is this gloom——And hark, from camp to
 camp
 The hum of either army stilly sounds,
 That the fixt centinels almost receive
 The secret whispers of each other's watch:
 Steed threatens steed in high and boastful neighings,
 Piercing the night's dull ear——Hark, from the
 tents
 The Armourers accomplishing the Knights,

With clink of hammers closing rivets up,
 Give dreadful note of preparation ; while some,
 Like sacrifices, by their fires of watch,
 With patience sit, and inly ruminate
 The morning's danger—By yon heav'n, my stern
 Impatience chides this tardy-gated night,
 Who, like a foul and ugly witch, does limp
 So tediously away—I'll to my couch,
 And once more try to sleep her into morning.

[Lies down; a groan is heard.]

Ha ! what means that dismal voice ? Sure 'tis
 The echo of some yawning grave,
 That teems with an untimely ghost——'tis gone !
 'Twas but my fancy, or perhaps the wind,
 Forcing his entrance through some hollow cavern.
 No matter what—I feel my eyes grow heavy. *[Sleeps.]*

King Henry's Ghost rises.

K. Henry. Oh ! thou whose unrelenting thoughts,
 not all

The hideous terrors of thy guilt can shake,
 Whose conscience, with thy body, ever sleeps,
 Sleeps on ; while I, by heav'n's high ordinance,
 In dreams of horror wake thy frightful soul :
 Now give thy thoughts to me ; let 'em behold
 These gaping wounds, which thy death-dealing hand
 Within the Tower gave my anointed body :
 Now shall thy own devouring conscience gnaw
 Thy heart, and terribly revenge my murder.

Lady Anne's Ghost rises.

La. Anne, Think on the wrongs of wretched Anne,
 thy wife,
 Ev'n in the battle's heat remember me
 And edgeless fall thy sword—Despair and die.

The Ghosts of Prince Edward and the Duke of York rise.

Pr. Ed. Richard, dream on, and see the wand'ring
 spirits
 Of thy young nephews, murder'd in the Tower :

Could

64 THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF

Could not our youth, our innocence persuade
Thy cruel heart to spare our harmless lives?
Who, but for thee, alas, might have enjoy'd
Our many promis'd years of happiness.
No soul, save thine, but pities our misusage;
Oh, 'twas a cruel deed! therefore alone
Unpitying, unpitied shalt thou fall.

K. Henry. The morning's dawn has summon'd me
away:

Now, Richard, wake in all the hells of guilt!
And let that wild despair, which now does prey
Upon thy mangled thoughts, alarm the world.
Awake, Richard, awake, to guilty minds
A terrible example.

[*All Ghosts sink.*]

Glo'st. Give me a horse—bind up my wounds!
Have mercy, heav'n! Ha! soft! 'twas but a dream;
But then so terrible, it shakes my soul;
Cold drops of sweat hang on my trembling flesh;
My blood grows chilly, and I freeze with horror:
Oh, tyrant conscience! how dost thou afflict me!
When I look back, 'tis terrible retréating:
I cannot bear the thought, nor dare repent.
I am but man, and Fate do thou dispose me.
Who's there?

Enter Catesby.

Catesby. 'Tis I, my Lord: The early village cock
Has thrice done salutation to the morn:
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

Glo'st. Oh, Catesby! I have had such horrid dreams.

Catesby. Shadows, my Lord—below the soldier's
heeding.

Glo'st. Now, by my this day's hopes—shadows to-
night

Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,
Arm'd all in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.

Catesby. Be more yourself, my Lord: Consider, Sir,
Were it but known a dream had frightened you,
How would your animated foes presume on't?

Glo'st. Perish that thought—no, never be it said

That

KING RICHARD THE THIRD. 65

That fate itself could awe the soul of Richard.
Hence, babbling dreams, you threaten here in vain ;
Conscience, avaunt ! Richard's himself again :
Hark ! the shrill trumpet sounds to horse, away ;
My soul's in arms, and eager for the fray. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Richmond, Oxford, Soldiers, &c.

Rich. Halt.

Sol. Halt——halt !

Rich. How far into the morning is it, friends ?

Oxford. Near four, my Lord.

Rich. 'Tis well——

I am glad to find we are such early stirrers.

Oxford. Methinks the foe's less forward than we
thought 'em ;

Worn as we are, we brave the field before 'em.

Rich. Come, there looks life in such a chearful haste ;
If dreams shou'd animate a soul resolv'd,
I'm more than pleas'd with those I've had to-night ;
Methought that all the ghosts of them, whose bodies
Richard murder'd, came mourning to my tent,
And rous'd me to revenge 'em.

[*Trumpets at a distance sound a march.*]

Oxford. A good omen, Sir—hark, the trumpet of
The enemy : it speaks them on the march.

Rich. Why then let's on, my friends, to face 'em ;
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As mild behaviour, and humility :
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Let us be tigers in our fierce deportment :
For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
Shall be this body on the earth's cold face ;
But if we thrive, the glory of the action
The meanest here shall share his part of :
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords ;
Sound drums, and trumpets, boldly and chearfully,
The word's St. George, Richmond, and Victory.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter

Enter Glo'ster, Catesby, &c.

Glo'st. Who saw the sun to-day?

Catesby. He has not yet broke forth, my Lord.

Glo'st. Then he disdains to shine—for by the clock
He shou'd have brav'd the east an hour ago:
Not shine to-day! why, what is that to me
More than to Richmond? for the self-same heav'n
That frowns on me, looks low'ring upon him.

Enter Norfolk with a paper.

Norfolk. Prepare, my Lord, the foe is in the field.

Glo'st. Come, bustle, bustle, caparison my horse,
Call forth Lord Stanley, bid him bring his pow'r;
Myself will lead the soldiers to the plain.

[Exit Catesby.]

Well, Norfolk, what think'st thou now?

Norfolk. That we shall conquer—but on my tent
This morning early was this paper found.

Glo'st. *[Reads.]* "Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold,
"For Dickon thy master is bought and sold."

A weak invention of the enemy:

Come, Gentlemen, now each man to his charge,
And ere we do bestride our foaming steeds,
Remember whom you are to cope withal,
A scum of Bretons, rascals, run-aways,
Whom their o'er-cloy'd country vomits forth
To desperate adventures, and destruction:

'If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,

'And not those bastard Bretons, whom our fathers

'Have in their own land beaten, spurn'd, and trod on,

'And left them on record the heirs of shame:

'Are those men fit to be the heirs of England?"

Enter Catesby.

What says Lord Stanley?—will he bring his pow'r?

Catesby. He does refuse, my Lord—he will not stir.

Glo'st.

KING RICHARD THE THIRD. 67

Glo'st. Off with his son George's head.

Norfolk. My Lord, the foe's already past the Marsh—

After the battle let young Stanley die.

Glo'st. Why, after be it then.

A thousand hearts are swelling in my bosom ;

Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head ;

Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood ;

And thou, our warlike champion, thrice-renown'd,

St. George, inspire me with the rage of lions :

Upon 'em—charge—follow me. [Exit.

Several Excursions, Soldiers drove across the Stage by Glo'ster.

Re-enter Glo'ster.

Glo'st. What, ho! young Richmond, ho! 'tis Richard calls ;

I hate thee, Harry, for thy blood of Lancaster!

Now, if thou dost not hide thee from my sword,

Now, while the angry trumpet sounds alarms,

And dying groans transpierce the wounded air ;

Richmond, I say, come forth, and singly face me ;

Richard is hoarse with daring thee to arms. [Exit.

Enter Catesby and Norfolk in disorder.

Catesby. Rescue! rescue! my Lord of Norfolk, haste,

The King enacts more wonders than a man,

Daring and opposite to every danger :

His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,

Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death ;

Nay, haste, my Lord—the day's against us. [Exit.

Enter Glo'ster and Ratcliff.

Glo'st. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse.

Ratcliff.

68 THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF

Ratcliff. This way, this way, my Lord——below
yon thicket

Stands a swift horse——away, ruin pursues us ;
Withdraw, my Lord, for only flight can save you.

Glo'st. Slave ! I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die :
I think there be six Richmonds in the field,
Five have I slain to-day instead of him :
Aa horse ! an horse ! my kingdom for an horse.

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Glo'ster and Richmond, meeting.

Glo'st. Of one, or both of us, the time is come.

Rich. Kind Heav'n, I thank thee, for my cause is
thine ;

If Richard's fit to live, let Richmond fall.

Glo'st. Thy gallant bearing, Harry, I cou'd 'plaud,
But that the spotted rebel stains the soldier.

Rich. Nor shou'd thy prowess, Richard, want my
praise,

But that thy cruel deeds have stamp't thee tyrant,
So thrive my sword, as heav'n's high vengeance draws it.

Glo'st. My soul and body on the action both.

Rich. A dreadful lay !——here's to decide it.

[*Fight ; Richard falls.*

Glo'st. Perdition catch thy arm——the chance is
thine.

But, oh ! the vast renown thou hast acquir'd

In conquering Richard, does afflict him more

Than even his body's parting with its soul.

Now let the world no longer be a stage

To feed contention in a lingering act ;

But let one spirit of the first-born Cain

Reign in all bosoms ; that each heart being set

On bloody actions, the rude scene may end,

And darkness be the burier of the dead. [*Dies.*

Rich. Farewel, Richard, and from thy dreadful end
May future Kings from tyranny be warn'd :

Had

Had thy aspiring soul but stirr'd in virtue
 With half the spirit it has dar'd in evil,
 How might thy fame have grac'd our English annals?
 But as thou art, how fair a page thou'st blotted?
 Hark! the glad trumpets speak the field our own.

*Enter Oxford, Lord Stanley, and Soldiers, with King
 Richard's Crown.*

Oh welcome, friends! my noble father, welcome!
 Heav'n and our arms be prais'd, the day is ours;
 See there, my Lords, stern Richard is no more.

Stanley. Victorious Richmond, well hast thou acquitted thee!

And see the just reward that Heav'n has sent thee:
 Amongst the glorious spoils of Bosworth Field,
 We've found the crown, which now in right is thine:
 'Tis doubly thine, by conquest and by choice.
 Long live Henry the Seventh, King of England.

Rich. Next to just Heav'n, my noble countrymen,
 I owe my thanks to you, whose love I'm proud of,
 And ruling well shall speak my gratitude.
 But now, my Lords—what friends of us are missing?
 Pray tell me, is young George Stanley living?

Stanley. He is, my Liege, and safe in Leicester town,
 Whither, if you please, we may withdraw us.

Enter Blunt.

Blunt. My Lord, the Queen, and fair Elizabeth
 Her beauteous daughter, some few miles off,
 Are on the way to gratulate your victory.

Rich. Ay, there indeed my toil's rewarded:
 Let us prepare to meet 'em, Lords—and then,
 As we're already bound by solemn vows,
 We'll twine the roses, red and white, together,
 And both from one kind stalk shall flourish;
 England has long been mad, and scar'd herself;
 The brother blindly shed the brother's blood;

The

70 THE TRAGICAL HISTORY, &c.

The father rashly slaughter'd his own son ;
 The bloody son, compell'd, has kill'd his fire.
 Oh now, let Henry and Elizabeth,
 The true successors of each Royal House,
 Conjoin'd together, heal those deadly wounds ;
 And be that wretch of all mankind abhorr'd,
 That wou'd reduce those bloody days again ;
 Ne'er let him live to taste our joy's increase
 That wou'd with treason wound fair England's peace.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

F I N I S.



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